



DADAJAN

*A
GRANDSON
REMEMBERS
A
COMPANION
OF THE PROMISED MESSIAH
(MAY PEACE BE UPON HIM)*

By Samiullah Nasir Bangvi

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

In the name of Allah, Most Gracious, Ever Merciful

A

GRANDSON REMEMBERS

HADHRAT MAULVI REHMATULLAH

BAGHANWALA

(1861 – 1941)

A

COMPANION

OF

THE PROMISED MESSIAH

(Peace Be Upon Him)

By Samiullah Nasir Bangvi

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A LOVING FATHER'S ADVICE

My Dear Father

HADAYITULLAH BANGVI SAHIB
(May Allah smile on him)

*Would take me by the shoulder
And he would say:*

"SON! ALWAYS REMEMBER

**ON WHOSE HAND
YOU HAVE SWORN BAIT
(THE ALLEGIANCE)**

**AND THE REST
JUST PUT OUT OF MIND!**

**FOR IF YOU FORGET THIS
THEN GOD FORBID**

**YOU'LL START TO TREAD
THE PATH OF ATHEISM!"**

*This advice has always saved me
And sustains me to this day!*

I
AM PLEASED
TO DEDICATE THIS BOOK
TO MY PARENTS,
HADAYITULLAH BANGVI SAHIB
AND
SUGHRA BEGUM SAHIBA
WHO SO LOVED ME!
MAY ALLAH
BE
PLEASED WITH THEM BOTH!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Let me first, give thanks to The Creator of The Heavens and The Earth, The Lord of The Day of Judgement, The Most Beneficent, The Most Merciful, ALLAH, for His grace and favour bestowed upon me. Though I am undeserving, but solely for the sake of all the prayers said for me, by my dearest Dadajan and Abbajan (May Allah be pleased with them both). For their love and kindness lavished upon me, I pray for them both with all my heart.

Without the help of many and active encouragement from all, I would have found the paucity of material at my command, would have rendered all my efforts useless, as my intention was to bring something of note to the attention of our new generation. In order for me to do this, I had to tap all sources known and search for the unknown at the time.

I, myself studied the Urdu Language barely up to the sixth class of the Secondary School in Pakistan, having to leave for Europe, when I was eleven years of age in 1951. I felt the need to use the English Language, in order to convey something of the age and times of The Promised Messiah (PBUH). By use of the English language to convey the feelings, thoughts and emotions of the Companions of The Promised Messiah (PBUH), through my dearest Dadajan's eyes and as recorded in his biographical notes, letters, documents but coloured with my own emotions and experiences.

My quest for learning much more about my dearest Dadajan started in Rabwah, where I had gone in search of myself, at a very difficult time in my life. While in Rabwah I felt, a need to renew my acquaintance with Mian Hanif Sahib. Mian Sahib had once visited Galway in the west of Ireland, to see his relations. It was during this visit that we became acquainted. I was delighted by Mian Sahib's easy and friendly manner.

It was Mian sahib's desire to acquaint me with the Rabwah Library; this, then was to open the opportunity for me to first see my Dadajan's handwritten biographical notes filed in the library archives. My astonishment and excitement was to take the form of a mission.

This mission was to re-acquaint myself with my Dadajan, to get to know my Dadajan, as well as to absorb myself in trying to experience the times of my beloved Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) and how it had shaped the Companions of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH); and my Dadajan in particular. And at first to learn myself and then to convey to others what I myself had learnt..For the kindness and hospitality extended to me by Mian Hanif Sahib, I shall always be deeply indebted. Without his help this project would not be.

It is difficult to find adequate words to express my gratitude to our dear Imam Bashir Ahmad Rafiq Sahib. He had always had a very deep and closer relationship with my late father, Hadayitullah Bangvi Sahib. Imam Sahib, very kindly offered to check my manuscript for accuracy of translation from the original Urdu Language text contained

in the biographical notes of my Dadajan, and for factual accuracy of my comments. Without Imam Sahib's help, I would still be floundering in the dark, as no one seems to have any time these days, to even look over the shoulder, let alone check a novice's manuscript. Imam Sahib I thank you for devoting some of your valuable time in guiding me.

Now, I would like to thank our dear Imam Ataul Mujeeb Rashed Sahib. He first came as a young Missionary to the London Mosque, during the time of Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih III ^(REH). It seems to me now such a long time ago that we first met. He struck me at the time, as a bright Youngman, quietly spoken, friendly and a true scholar. He was an Ahmadi Missionary, who reminded me of all those Ahmadi Missionaries, whom I had seen either arriving from or departing for our Overseas Missions via the Delhi railway station. He seemed to me to inspire people around him, with the feelings of what Ahmadiyyat is really and how it can become a template for patterns of our behaviour, which was expected by The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) of every Ahmadi.

Then as luck would have it, Rashed Sahib was sent to us again, but this time as the Imam of the London Mosque. The Khuddams (I was a member of Khuddam-ul-Ahmadiyya—once!) were delighted with his posting, as we considered him our special friend. He always made us welcome, as we could always rely on him to help us with our problems, be they concerning our Jamaat activities or of a personal nature.

Therefore, I naturally went to seek Imam Sahib's help in my project at its nascent stage. I have never been more surprised, than with his grasp of the nature of my problem and the delicate manner, in which he dealt with my lack of knowledge in undertaking this project. He made me feel elated rather than ashamed. He kindly pointed out so many technical things, that I must attend to first; also what to avoid in order and bring my whole project to conclusion.

This invaluable guidance has instilled in me the desire to aim for a more professional output and in keeping with the 'Ahmadiyya Etiquette'. How true this has proved, as I have come to learn of things not known to me and this has given me fresh impetus to do a good job, so that my work is worthwhile and hopefully informative. There are no words that I can conjure up to express my gratitude to Imam Sahib for his assistance.

Not forgetting to thank, all my near and dear ones, who have provided me with invaluable material, useful suggestions and words of encouragement. Without the help of Hamidullah Bangvi, Mrs. Sadika Miles, Madame Naseem Delannoy my effort would have remained just an effort and nothing more. I thank you all most sincerely.

A special mention needs to be made here, of the help given to me, under exceptional circumstances, by my cousin, Muhammad Aslam of Karachi, Pakistan; who at great personal physical discomfort to himself, had sat with me for two days, to meticulously check and clarify certain facts. Naturally he feels the same deep love and devotion for

his Nanajan as I feel for my Dadajan: my Dadajan was his Nanajan. To Aslam, I am most grateful for his help.

I was panic stricken, as I could not persuade anyone to proof- read my draft, but Malik Mubarik Ahmad of Hounslow Jamaat now working in Libya and then Dr. Iftikhar Ayaz Sahib, offered me help. Allah has so many ways to help the supplicant that, the human mind is confounded when help comes. Dr. Ayaz Sahib not only meticulously checked my draft but gave many suggestions to improve my work. Now Doctor Sahib has even offered assistance in the final publication of my book May Allah bless and reward you both most generously. Ameen!

May I point out here, that to translate one language into another completely different language, is a rather daunting task at the best of times, especially when the required scholarship is not there to meet the challenge, as in my case. It is like transposing one culture upon another alien culture with divergent set of values. However, I have tried to do just that, but the resultant effect has been far from satisfactory. For this lapse on my part, I apologize profusely to the readers.

Finally, I would like to request all readers to pray for our beloved Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih IV ^(REH), who passed away during the completion of my work; that may Allah, The Almighty, reward him most handsomely for the magnificent and heroic deeds he performed for Ahmadiyyat, The True Islam. Ameen!

Please pray for the well-being, longevity and success upon success of our beloved Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih V (ABA). May Allah safeguard the Ahmadiyya Community from the evil that is prevalent in these difficult and dangerous times, in which we all live- today! Ameen! Summa Ameen!

It is my prayer and hope that our young people read this book diligently and with love so that they acquire true appreciation of the blessings of Ahmadiyyat. Inshallah!

Our Motto "Love for all Hatred for none" in practice means: *"Be kind to the person next to you"*.

IMAM SAHIB'S LETTER OF ENCOURAGEMENT

I am sure that respected *Dadajan* of Samiullah Nasir Bangvi Sahib will be greatly elated to know in Paradise that his loving grandson has produced such a comprehensive compendium of loving memories about him. I remember the day when he mentioned to me about his plan to compile his recollections about his grandfather, a companion of the Promised Messiah (peace be on him). I was happy to know that and encouraged him to go ahead with this noble project. When he gave me the prepared document to go through, it was really a joy to read and benefit from it. It is a beautiful example of hard labour of love. Writing a book is not an easy task particularly for some one who has no past experience in this field. I am glad to say that Mr. Samiullah has really put in his best efforts to project the noble and simple but very charming character of his grandfather. He has accomplished the job very efficiently. The value of this book has been greatly enhanced by the inclusion of detailed accounts of life written by the noble personality himself. The book is full of information and inspiration. May Allah bless this effort and reward the author abundantly.

Now, after having the experience of writing the book, the person whose life should be covered next by the author is his illustrious father Ch. Hadayitullah Bangvi... With all the best wishes and prayers for this second project.



Ataul Mujeeb Rashed

Imam

London Mosque

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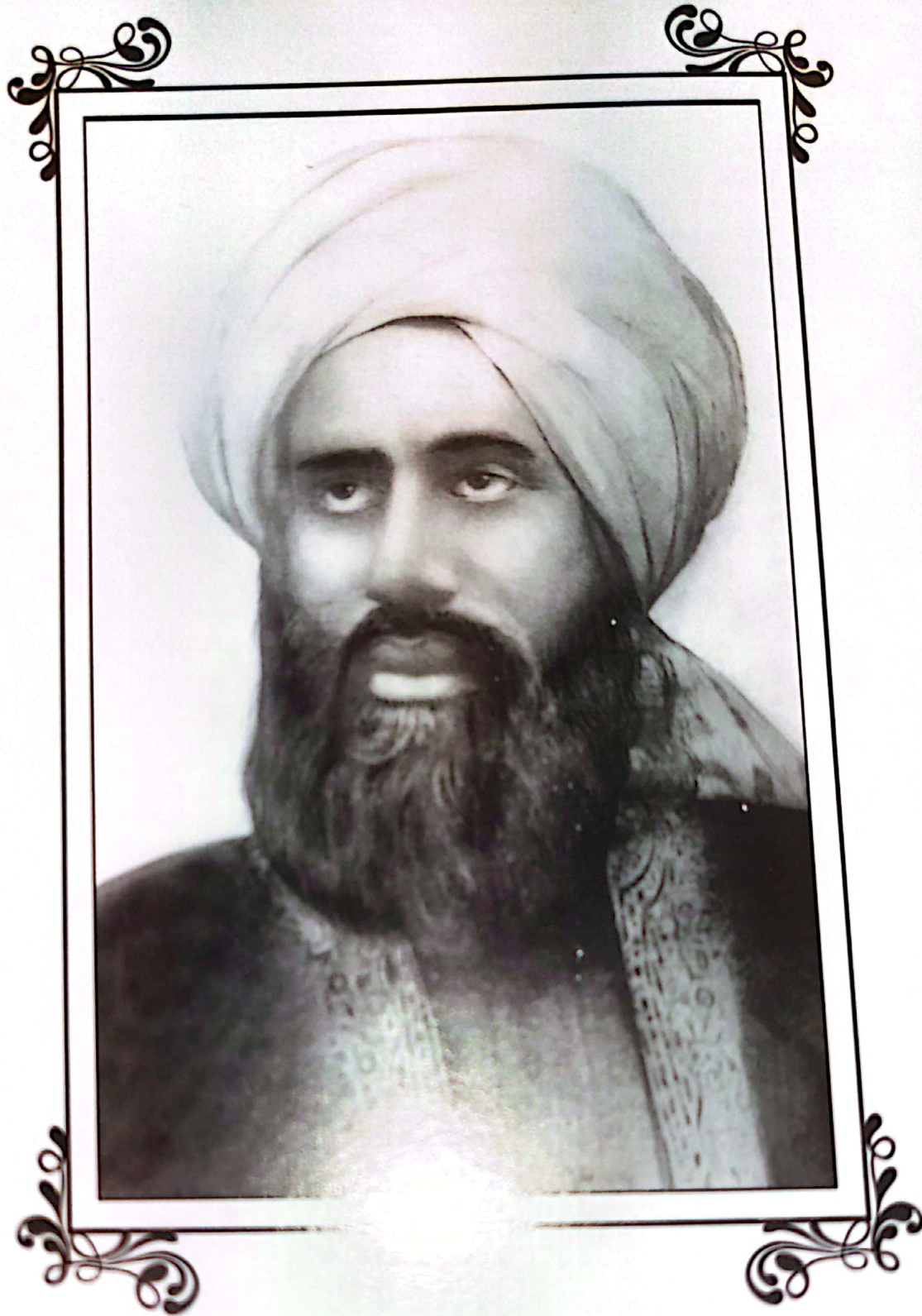


The Promised Messiah
Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad Qadiani
 (1835-1908)

...May Peace Be Upon Him...
 (PBUH)

**"I declare with full confidence and firmness,
 That I am in the right and
 That with the Grace of Allah,
 I will emerge victorious in this struggle.
 As far as I can observe with my far reaching sight,
 I see the entire world ultimately covered
 By the advancing step of my truth."**

Translation by Khalilur Rehman Mullick

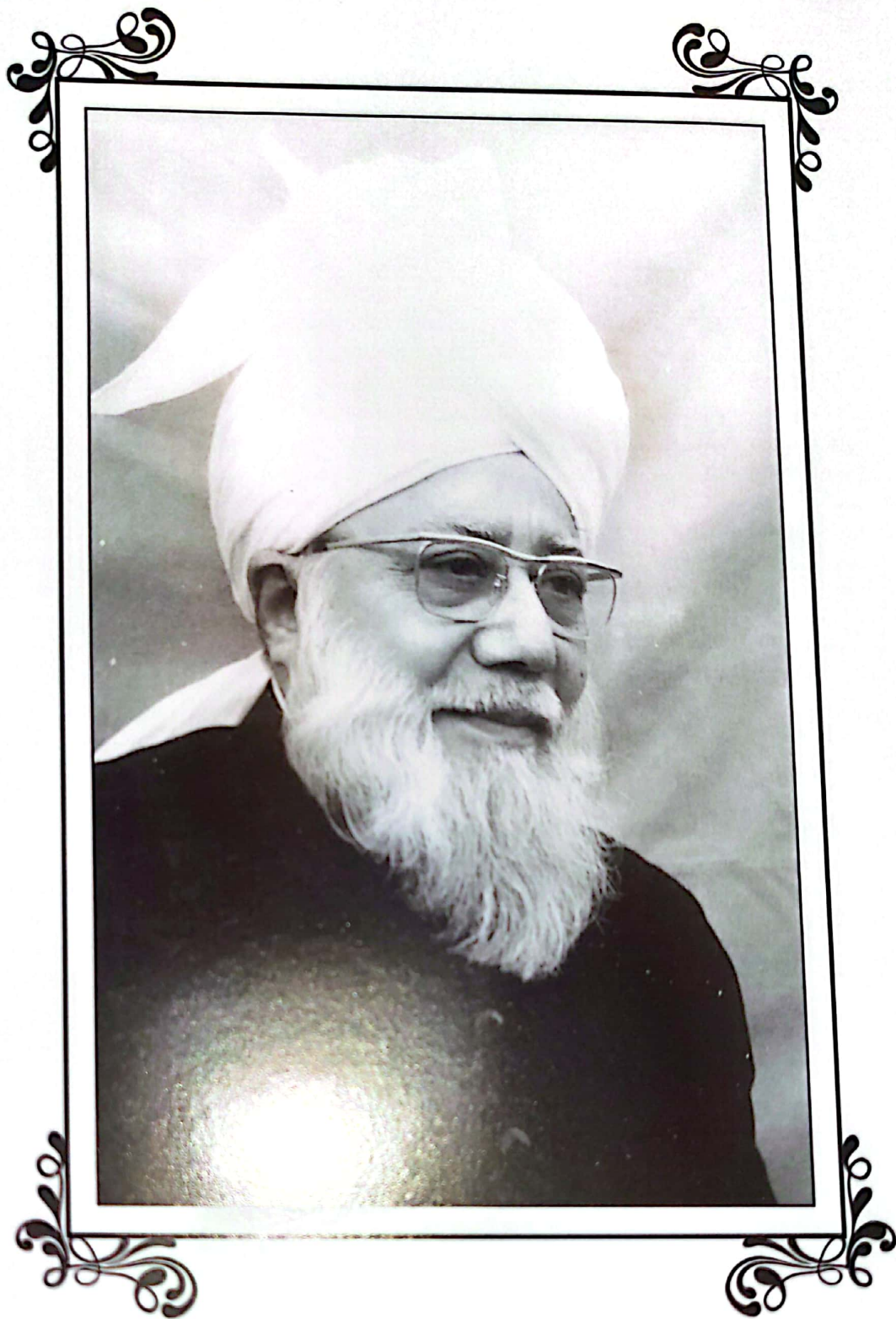


HADHRAT KHALIFATUL MESSIAH I
(The First caliph)

HADHRAT MAULANA HAKEEM NOOR-UD-DEEN
(May Allah be pleased with him)
(RA)
(1841- 1914)



HADHRAT KHALIFATUL MESSIAH II
(The Second Caliph)
"THE PROMISED SON"
HADHRAT
MIRZA BASHIR-UD-DIN MAHMOOD AHMAD
(May Allah be pleased with him)
(RA)
(1889 - 1965)



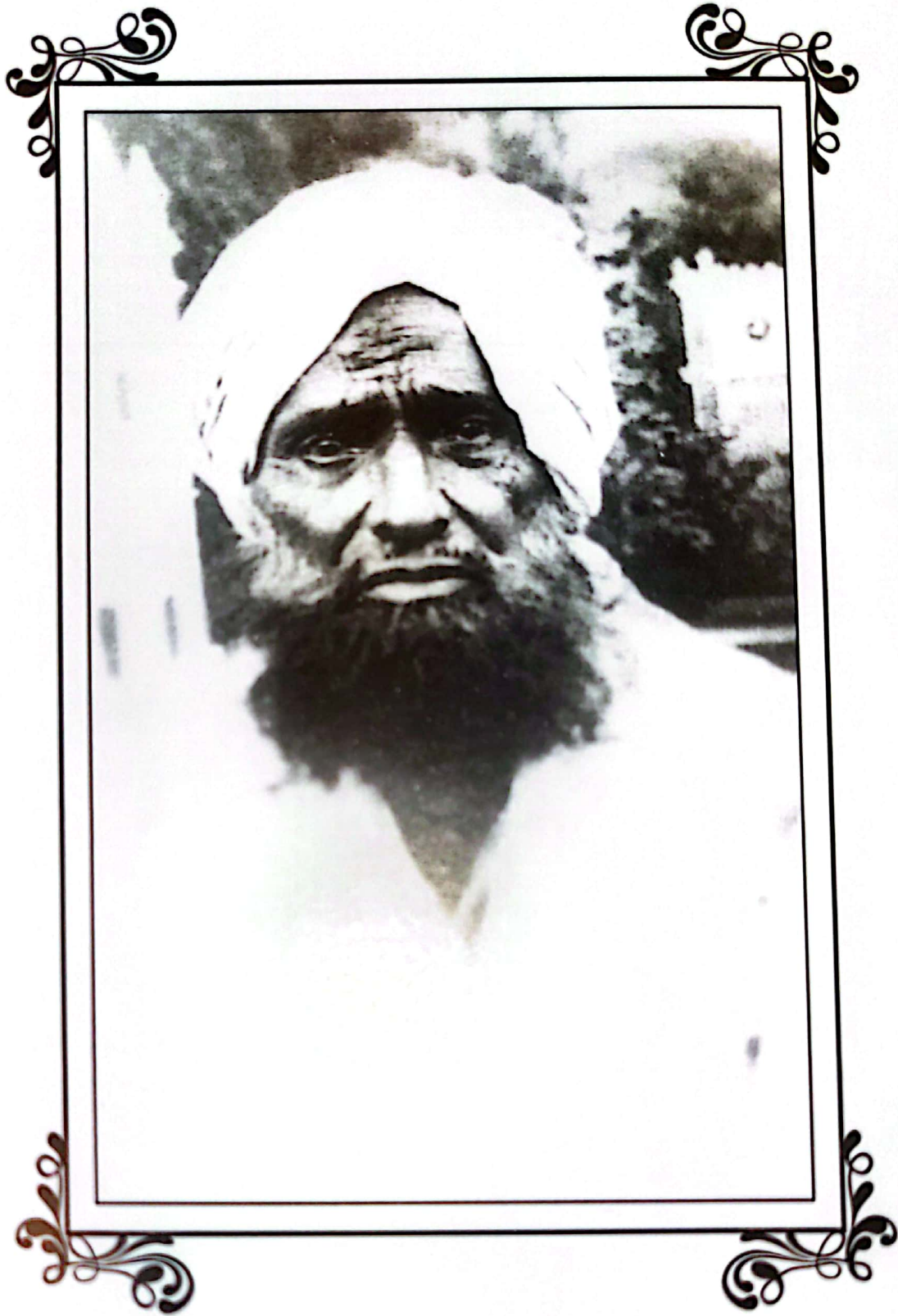
HADHRAT KHALIFATUL MESSIAH III
(The Third Caliph)
HADHRAT MIRZA NASIR AHMAD
(May Allah have mercy on him)
(REH)
(1909-1982)



HADHRAT KHALIFATUL MESSIAH IV
(The Fourth Caliph)
HADHRAT MIRZA TAHIR AHMAD
(May Allah have mercy on him)
(REH)
(1928-2003)



HADHRAT KHALIFATUL MESSIAH V
(The Fifth Caliph)
HADHRAT MIRZA MASROOR AHMAD
(May Allah strengthen your hand)
(ABA)



MY DEAREST DADAJAN
Hadhrat Maulvi Rehmatullah
BAGHANWALA

(May Allah be pleased with him)
(1861-1941)



**DADAJAN RELAXING WITH HIS FRIENDS
AND RELATIVES IN BANGA-16/11/1934**

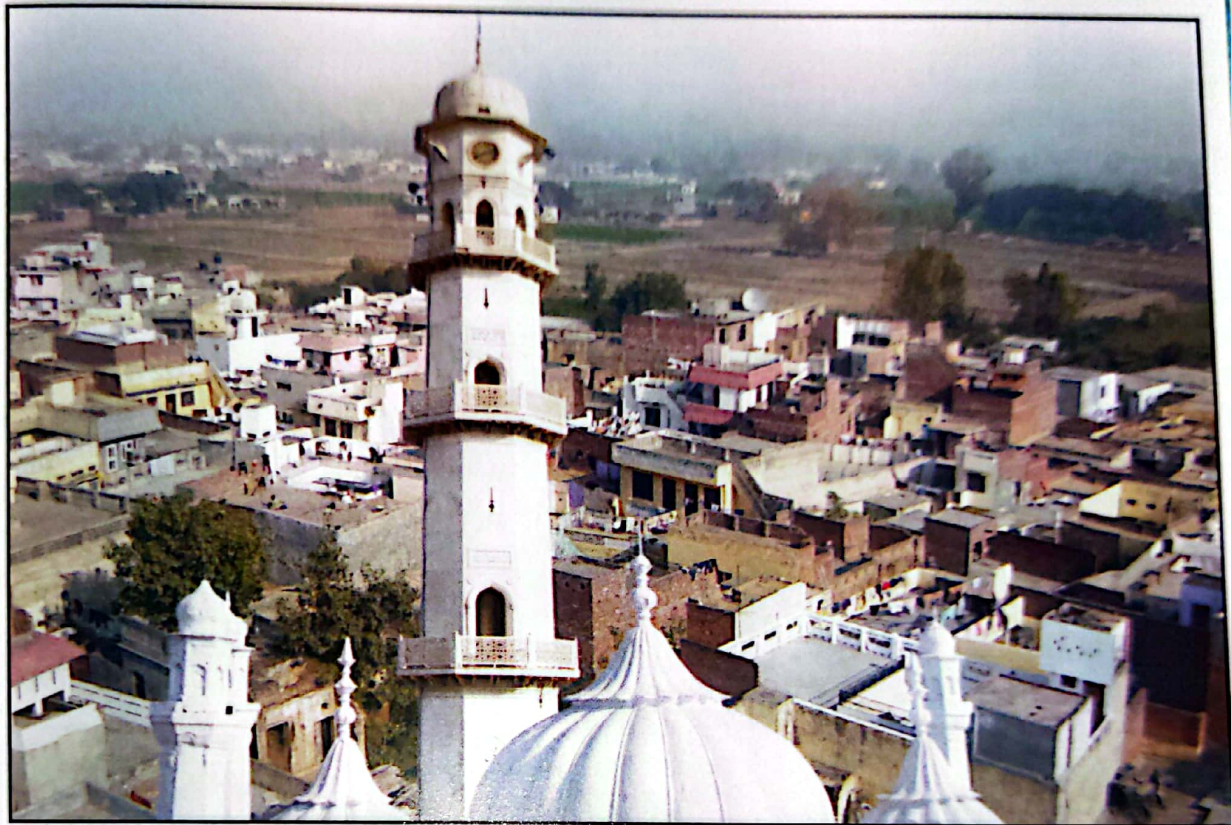
LEFT TO RIGHT:
UMAR DIN SAHIB, MAULA BUX SAHIB, DADAJAN,
KHAIR DIN SAHIB, MOHAMMAD ABDULA SAHIB
AND MUHAMMAD ISMAIL



**AN ILLUSTRIOUS SON
HADAYITULLAH BANGVI SAHIB**

(May Allah be pleased with him)

(18.12.1917-02.08.1991)



**A VIEW OF QADIAN
SHOWING MINARA -TUL-MASIH**
(The famous tower of The Promised Messiah (pbuh))

THE LAST RESTING PLACE

Baheshti Muqbara

Qadian



WITH
GREAT GRAND CHILDREN
AT
THE GRAVESIDE

PROLOGUE

Memory is said to be a fickle thing. The veracity of this statement becomes more evident in old age, when short-term memory lapses become frequent and irksome while the long-term memory becomes more lucid. This is my personal experience. The events of the twenty-fifth day of March in the year 1941 have become ever sharper with age, the precise date; I came to learn only from reading a letter written by my Dadajan 64 years earlier.

There is always a moment in time that becomes embossed in our memory forever. Sometimes the memory of such a moment occurs at a very early stage in our lives. Such a moment came to me when I was three years old. It has stayed with me up to my twilight years, when so much else has either faded or is now beyond retrieval.

This moment is my earliest memory, when I was of tender age and had just begun to experience the first awakening of my self. This was the moment, when I first became aware of the presence of the most loving person in my life. Therefore I shall begin by describing this moment, when I first became aware of my dearest Dadajan. This is my earliest memory.

I first became aware of my self when one day my dear Dadajan took me out somewhere. At the time I was not to know where, as I was then of very tender age. And even if I had been told our destination, it would have rather taxed my embryonic intellect.

All I can remember is that, I was taken by my Dadajan to a strange looking building, which we entered through an imposing front door and we were greeted by someone in a long white coat. I was then introduced. Then someone took us to a large room in this building. All

the while my Dadajan's index finger of his right hand was tightly clasped by me. How comforting it was for me whenever I needed reassurance!

There was a table and my dear Dadajan lifted me on to the table while soothing away my anxieties. And when I lay on the table and I happened to look up, I was totally fascinated by a cluster of lamps hanging over the table area. We had no electricity then in many parts of the town of Banga, including my dear Dadajan's house. I still remember how I found the soft and even glow from the lamps beautiful but puzzling. All the while my dear Dadajan clasped my hand and was reciting prayers silently as was his habit. Then everything went blank.

After many years had passed, then one day, I enquired of my dear Mother, as to where my dear Dadajan had taken me that day. How can I forget even today, with what pride, she had proclaimed loudly that he had taken me to the hospital for my circumcision. This came as a bit of a shock and an embarrassment for me, but was a cause of mirth for all within earshot. To be circumcised in a hospital and not at the hands of the customary barber was extraordinary, as in those days, no one even thought of going to the doctor let alone to the hospital. It was the great love my dear Dadajan had for my father and thus me. This is my earliest memory of my Dadajan and maybe of my existence in this world.

My impressions of my dearest Dadajan are limited but very lucid. He always wore a turban, immaculately clean and white clothes. He was quietly spoken and much given to silent prayers at all times. His dark eyes were always serious and to me a very attractive feature, which made me stare at them. Wherein I found only love and piety but tinged with a hint of sadness. His beard was full flowing and magnificent and

on his forehead was the evidence of his supplications to Allah during his nightly vigils. He was of tall stature and with a fairish complexion.

The inhabitants of Banga town were then mostly Hindus and Sikhs with a scattering of Muslims here and there. Among these varied people, he was greatly respected and loved for his service to the community and his compassion and humility. He was a prominent member of the Ahmadiyya Community and had close links with its members who resided in the neighbouring districts. Having said, what I thought would be a befitting introduction to the Biography of my dear Dadajan, I shall now proceed with the task in hand.

My Dadajan, Hadhrat Maulvi Rehmatullah Baghanwala, could trace his descent from a line of fourteen generations of Sunni Muslims of the Aryan stock. (See the Aryan Brotherhood published in Lahore, Pakistan). This was explained to me by my dear father, Hadayatullah who was visiting Galway in the Republic of Ireland at the time. He had shown me a book containing the history of the Aryans and which was in Urdu. He was to deliver this book to an Aryan woman, who was related to him in some remote way and was a non-Ahmadi. She was married to a man who at the time worked for the Halal Meat Company in Ballyhaunis in the county of Mayo in the west of Ireland.

My Dadajan was born in 1861 (estimated) in a small town not far from Banga called Rahon. His father was named Sultan Baksh Sahib. I understand Dadajan had later migrated to Banga, located in the area known as "Doaba" situated between the Sutluj and the Beas rivers in the district of Jullunder. Doaba means the land between two rivers. See MAP in the Maps Section.

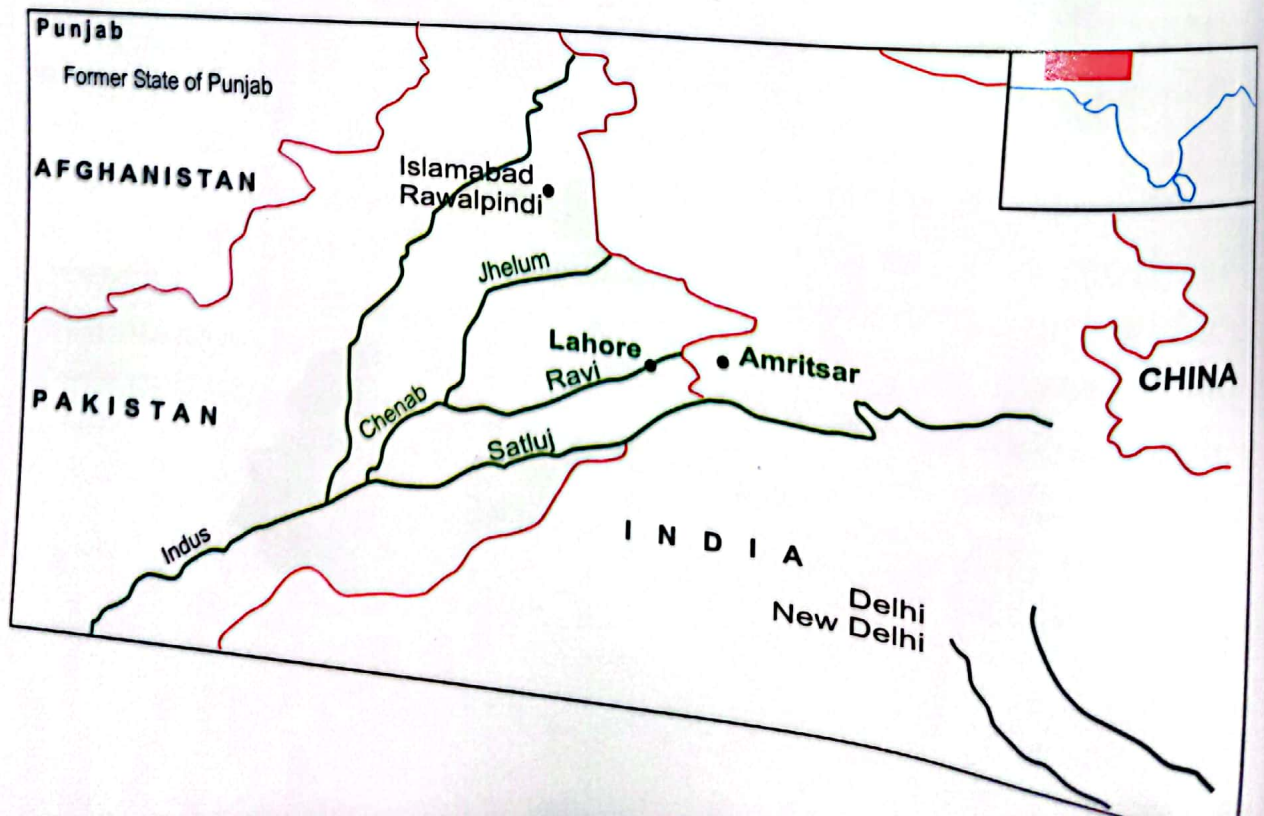
Now I present my English translation of the original Urdu manuscript penned by my Dadajan, which was found filed away in the archives of the Rabwah Library in Pakistan.

This is how my Dadajan relates events that changed his life forever. How he became an Ahmadi. What now follows is a truly remarkable life of a Companion of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) and deserving of our attention, that we may learn of the blessings of Ahmadiyyat.

FOOTNOTE:

The Genealogists consider a generation to span 30 years and fourteen generations therefore add up to 420 years. Which means this genealogical tree perhaps, commences from the time when the Lodhi dynasty ruled over Delhi extending to perhaps Ambala in the north and Agra in the south or maybe it is merely a conjecture on my part? In other words, the root of the tree pre-dates the conquest of India by the Moghuls and the establishment of the Moghul dynasty (see A History of India by John Keay.)

The Former Province of Punjab

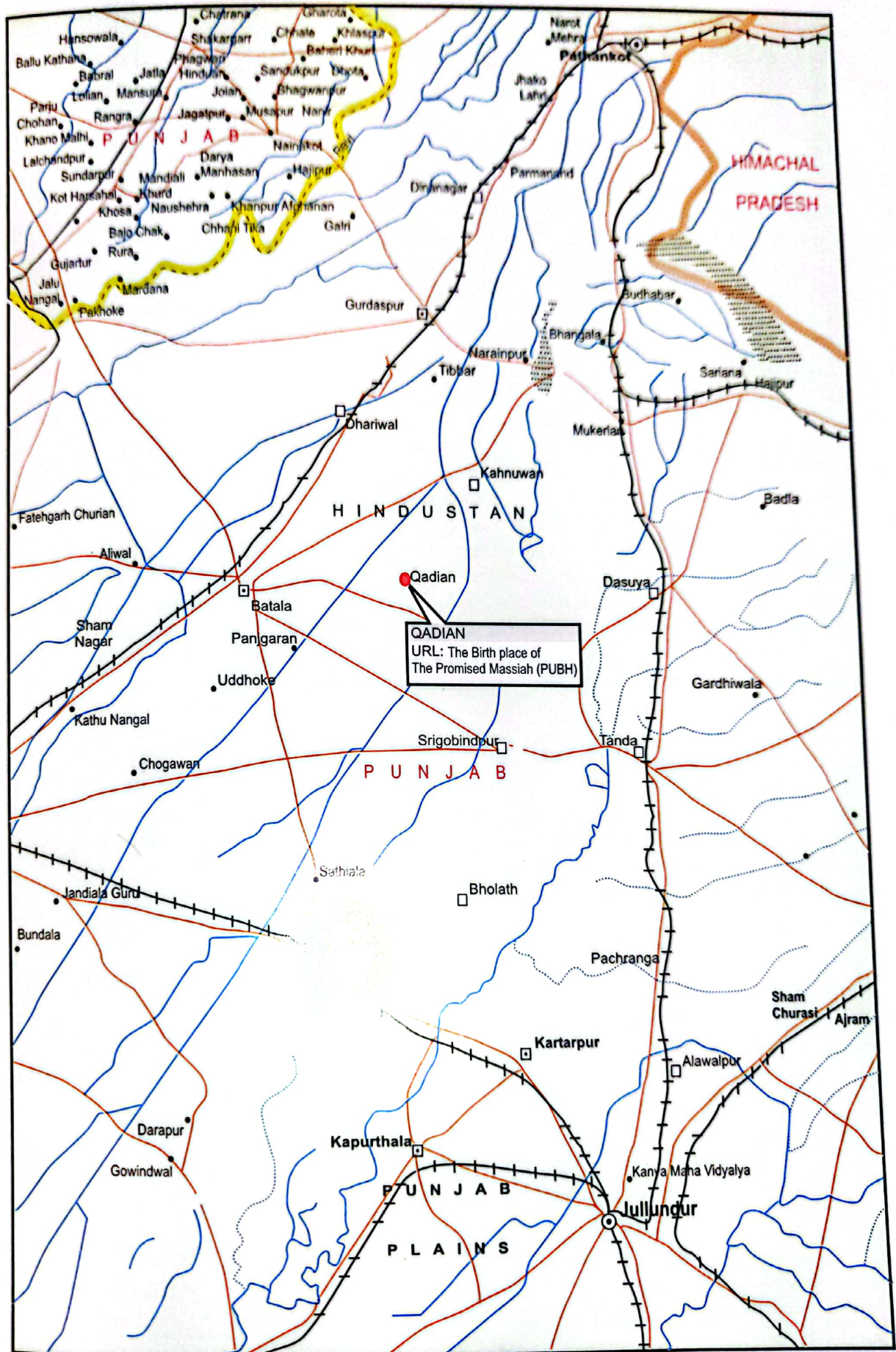


RELATIVE POSITIONS OF QADIAN & BANGA



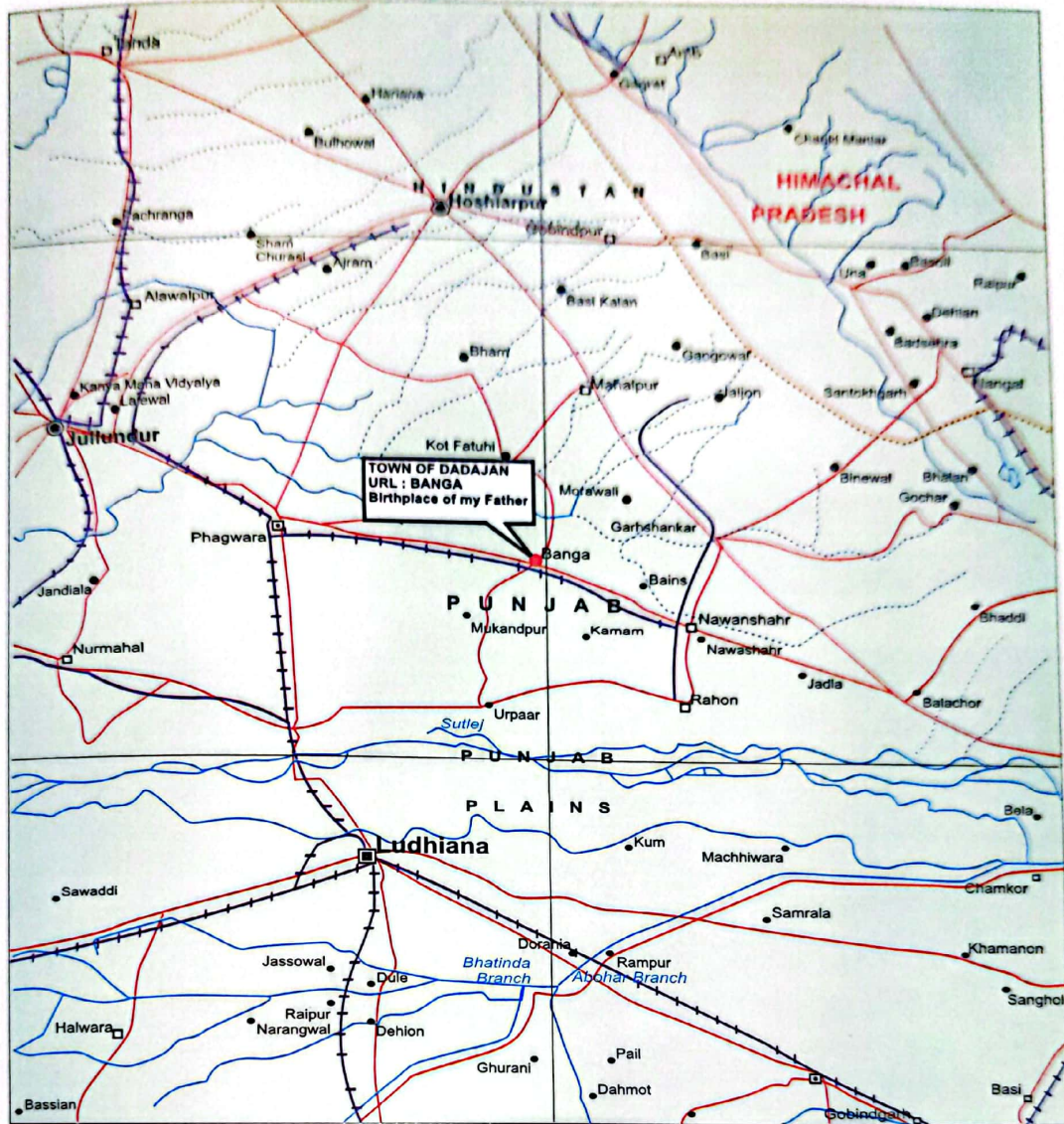
Qadian & Banga - Relative Location
I East Punjab - India

MAP OF QADIAN

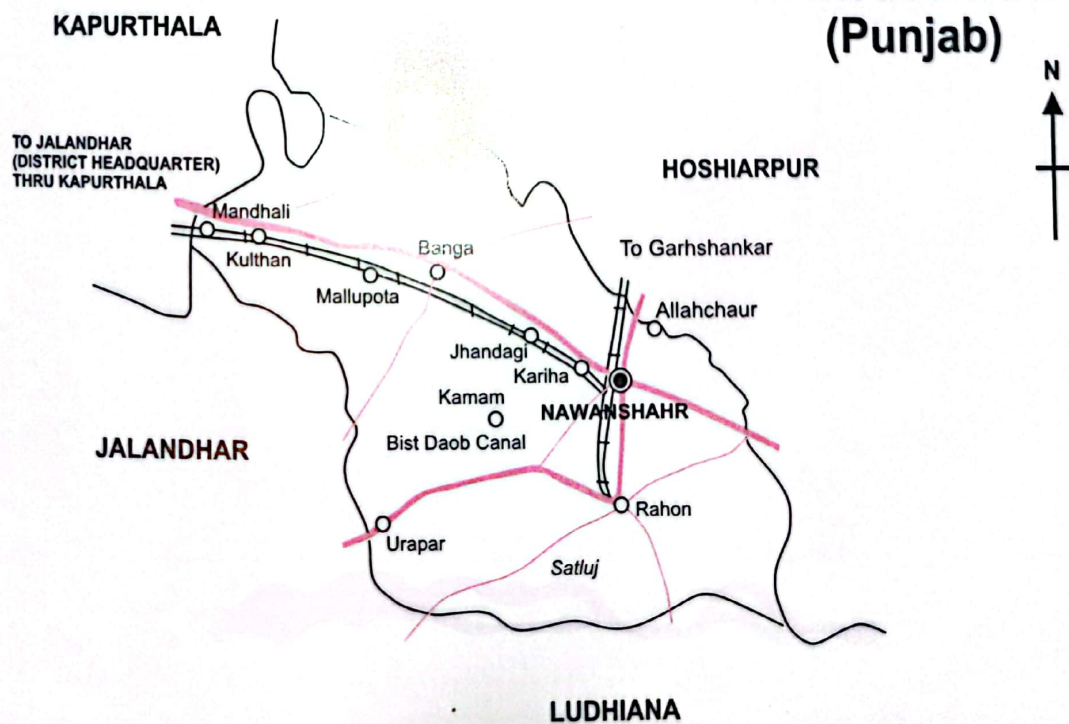


QADIAN-THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE PROMISED MESSIAH (PBUH)
East Punjab- Now in India

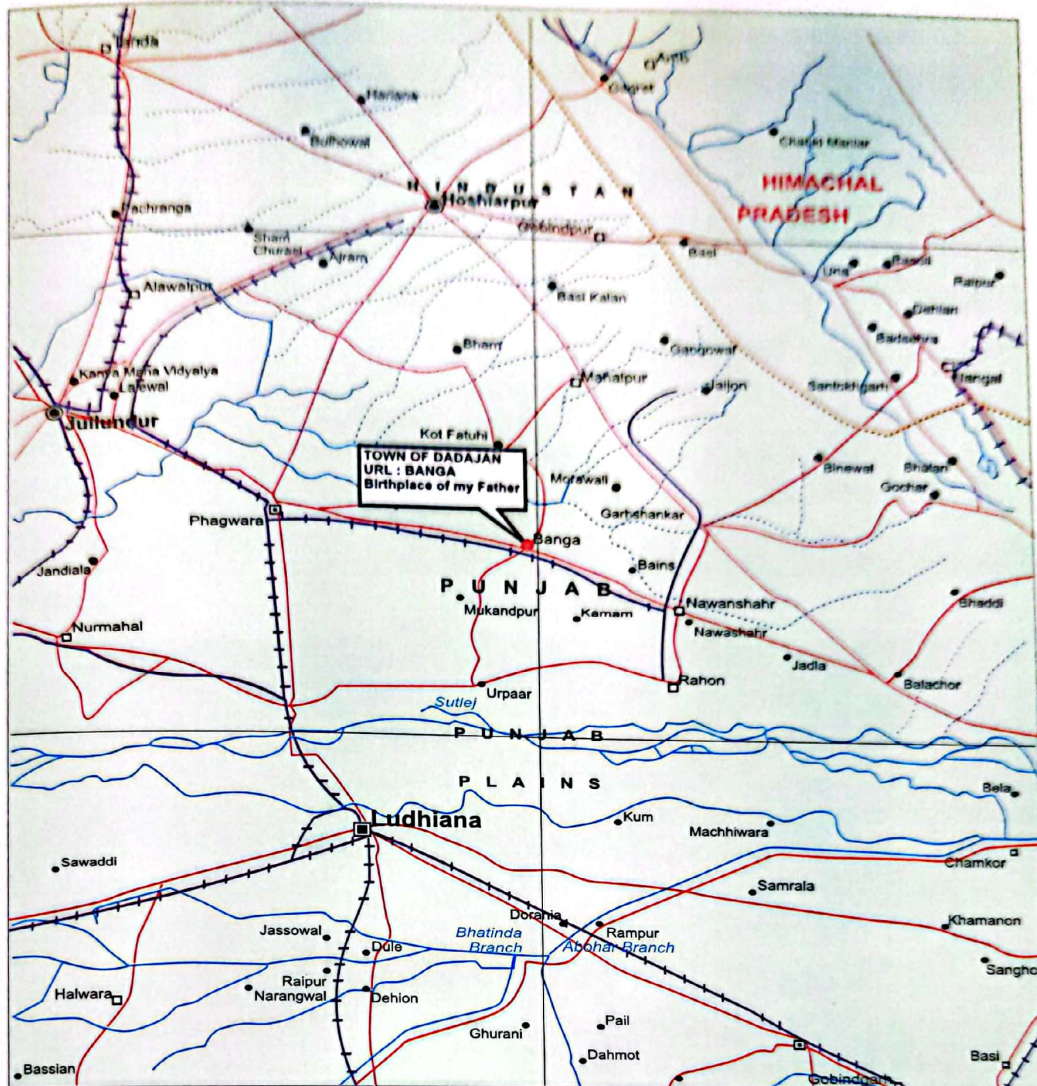
MAP OF BANGA



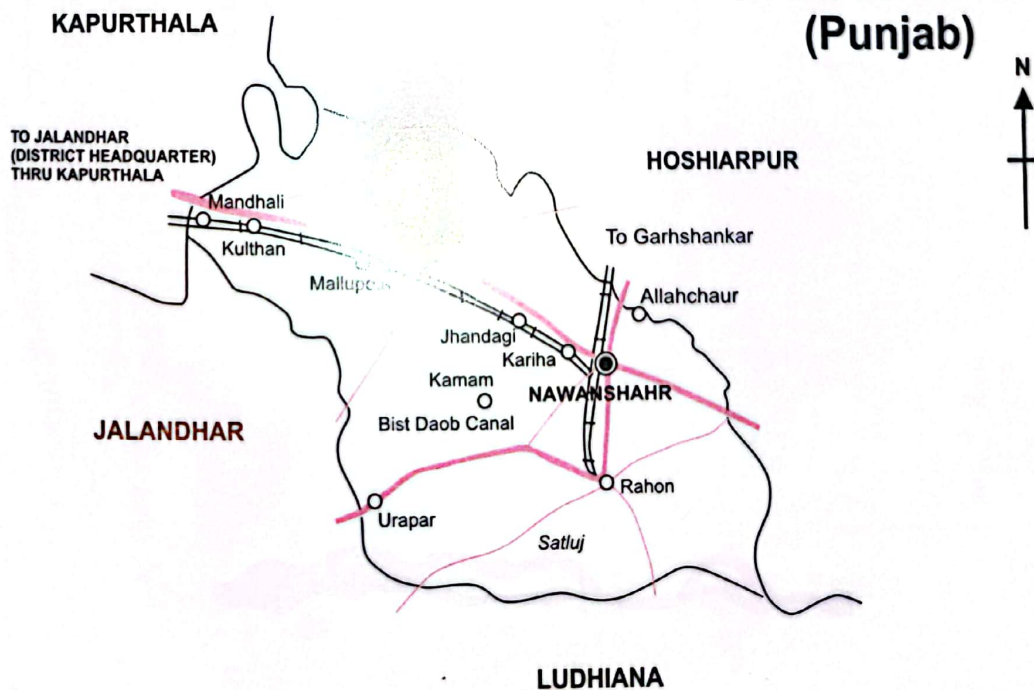
NAWANSHAHR (Punjab)



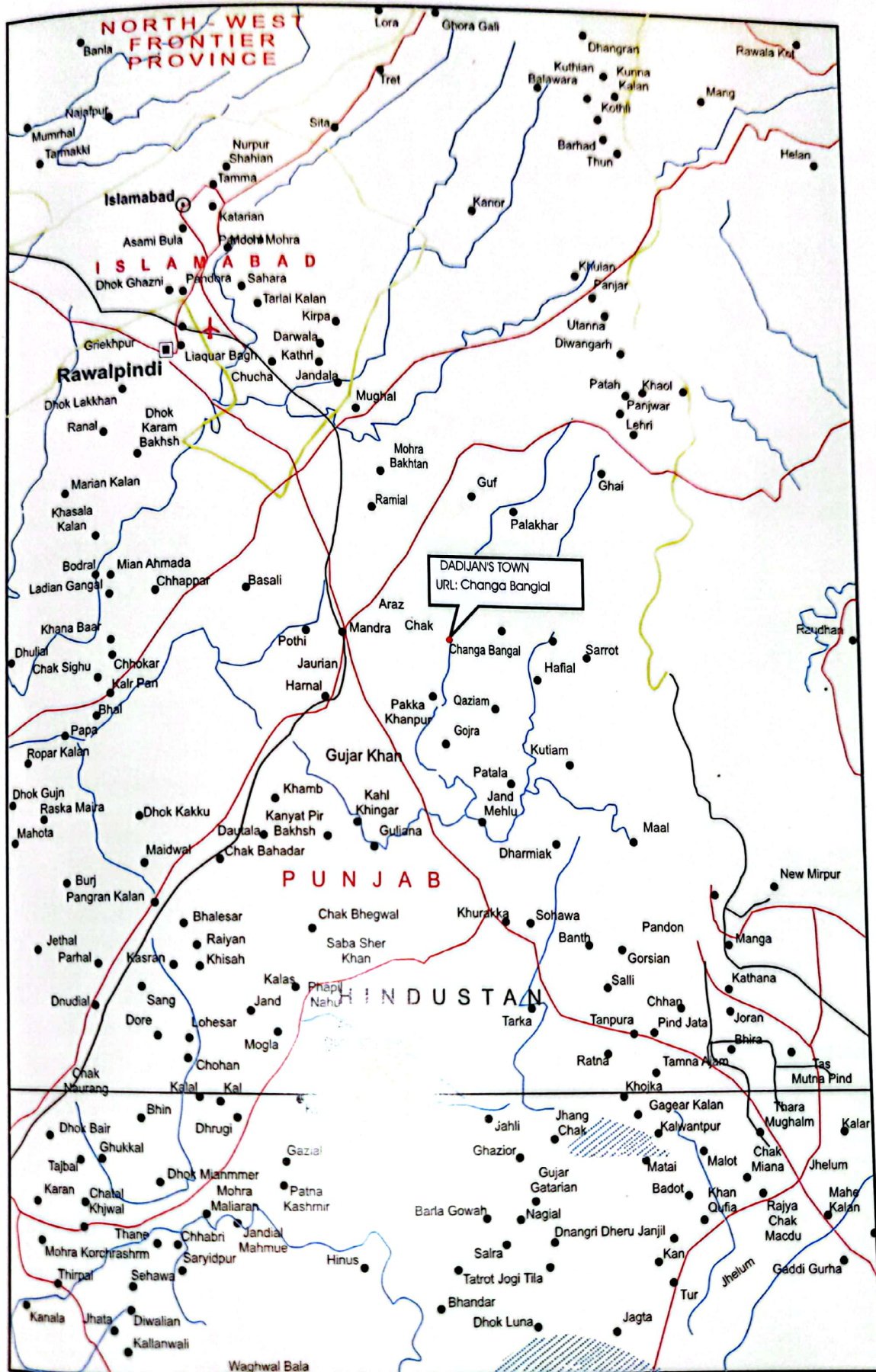
MAP OF BANGA



NAWANSHAHR (Punjab)



MAP OF CHANGA BANGIAL



CHANGA BANGIAL - MY DADIJAN'S TOWN
West Punjab Now In Pakistan

TRANSLATION
OF DADAJAN'S ORIGINAL URDU MANUSCRIPT

INTRODUCTION TO AHMADIYYAT

It was in 1938 in his autobiographical notes, that he wrote the following:

*In 1901 by which time my first wife, Aziza, had passed away leaving me with two young children. There was a boy Mohammad Ismail and a girl by the name of Janat Bibi^{*1}. However my kindly widowed sister, Assia, then took over the responsibility for the children's welfare and upbringing; this kindly act gave me some respite to pursue my business and to thereby earn a living.*

*Fortuitously someone had left two books of The Promised Messiah (PBUH) with me to read. A copy of the book, Kashti-e-Nuh^{*2} (Taqwiyyatul-Eman) in which The Promised Messiah (Peace Be Upon Him) wrote that Allah Almighty had revealed to him that, whosoever took an oath of allegiance at the Hand of The Promised Messiah (PBUH) would be spared from the scourge of the plague. The Promised Messiah (PBUH) would be the Saviour, as was Noah before him. And Barkat-ud-Dua, this book dealt with the power of prayers and what were the requisites for acceptance of prayer by The Living God, Allah Almighty. Both great books were divinely inspired and written by The Promised Messiah and Imam Mahdi (PBUH) containing prophecies which came to be fulfilled as heavenly sign of the advent of The Promised Messiah (PBUH)*

And as I was by nature inclined towards piety and therefore inclined towards all matters spiritual, I could not but read these great books. I was totally spellbound while reading these two great books

and found in them divine revelations of a nature that answered many of the questions which had till then perplexed me. Here at last was what I had yearned for all these years. I read both books with great diligence the same day and came to the conclusion that The Promised Messiah (PBUH) was indeed The Promised One and without further ado, I wrote a letter of my allegiance to The Promised Messiah (PBUH) in Qadian.

A reply soon came back from Qadian, wherein Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Karim Sahib gave me the glad tidings that The Promised Messiah (PBUH) had graciously accepted me ^{*3} into the fold of Ahmadiyyat. Alhamdulillah! On receipt of this news I had an overwhelming desire to meet The Promised Messiah (PBUH) in person and to swear my allegiance at his very hand and thus be doubly blessed.

FOOTNOTES

*1 I was unable to find out any other information about Janat Bibi, how fate treated her and her whereabouts, as Dadajan does not mention her again.

*2 The title of the book in English would be 'Noah's Ark'

*3 The date of 'Bait' in official papers is recorded as 5th April 1901

Please note that PBUH is used after The Promised Messiah which is an abbreviation for Peace Be Upon Him.

BAIT AND DESIRE TO VISIT QADIAN

I had no idea how to get to Qadian as in those days there was no railway service in Banga or Qadian. I made ready to gain an audience with The Promised Messiah and Imam Mahdi ^(PBUH)

I therefore set out for Qadian accompanied by my son, Mohammad Ismail. After gaining an audience with The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH), (Hadhrat Masih Maud), I took Bait at his blessed hand in which my son, Ismail, also participated. Henceforth I took it upon myself to always keep in close touch with Hazoor; either by seeking an audience at least two to three times a year, or in the intervening period to write letters to Hazoor.

My love for The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) was such that I did not want to be parted from my beloved Hazoor. Not only that but I made it incumbent upon myself to always offer Hazoor gifts of the choicest of fruits and pick of the seasonal vegetables, either in person or I would arrange to dispatch these by rail.

I was a businessman who traded in fruit and vegetables from my shop in the bazaar in Banga. I was a contractor: who would buy "fruit on the trees" from the very many fruit orchards which ringed Banga and also an assortment of vegetables. I was a sort of wholesaler.

A DILEMMA

Although I was blessed with a large extended family, I was ostracized the minute they came to learn of my conversion to Ahmadiyyat. I suddenly found myself totally alone, a widower with two siblings; I was then only aged about forty. This turn of events brought me even closer to Hazoor and I regularly wrote letters requesting Hazoor's blessings and prayers at this difficult time in my life. Hazoor in his replies would suggest that under the prevailing circumstances I should re-marry as I was still young and needed a companion and a mother for my children.

The dilemma I faced was how, as there were no relatives willing to make any arrangements for seeking out a suitable match for me, as was the custom in those days among the people. And I really am a shy person so I prayed and wrote to Hazoor and waited. Time does not stop and so things went on in this way until one day in 1904.

When my close friend, Sheikh Yacoub Ali Erfani Sahib of Jullunder District came to visit me at home and stayed for dinner: and in the course of taking our victuals and during the ensuing conversation, I confided in Erfani Sahib, the fact that I was a widower and now seeking a wife, as had been suggested by Hazoor. That I was at a loss to proceed in this matter and would appreciate any help from him. On hearing this Erfani Sahib was greatly concerned and promised to render assistance in the matter at the earliest.

MATRIMONIAL NOTICE

Erfani Sahib arranged for the "Al-Hakam" the Ahmadiyya newspaper, to publish a Matrimonial Notice in the 24th November 1904 edition, on my behalf. This Notice appeared in the newspaper again on 17th May 1905 but failed to elicit any discernable response.

However a reader of the paper noted that there were two young men (myself and another) who were seeking matrimony and it seemed to him that there was apparently no response, otherwise there would have been no need for the notices to appear more than once. He took issue with Erfani Sahib in a long letter that he submitted for publication in the paper, that how come these young men had failed to find a match, despite the rapid expansion of Jamaat Ahmadiyya in the district and something must be done for them. He had sensed that the publication of the Notice might be as a result of their being ostracised, otherwise the onus of finding a wife fell on the next of kin as was the custom in those days. Especially in the light of what The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) had asked the Jamaat to do in such cases it was imperative that something had to be done and the sooner the better.

While this was going on, I had been invited to the wedding of Abdus Salaam Sahib in a small hamlet called Kath Gadh, about seven miles from Nawanseher, south east of Banga. The railway line had not yet reached the town of Banga. In those days there was a Tonga service plying between Banga and Nawanseher. To proceed from Nawanshahr and to reach Kath Gadh was a most arduous test of one's fitness and temperament at the best of times; as it was located in a remote area far from any rough tracks let alone roads.

To the north west of Banga is situated the town of Phagwara, the railway had reached this town by then, from whence the main

wedding party was to set out and therefore had to pass through Banga en-route to Nawanseher. It was while I was traveling between Phagwara and Banga that I met Maulana Ghulam Rasul Sahib and Maulana Fatihuddin Sahib in a Tonga* heading towards Kath Gadh via Banga. Having realized that they were both Ahmadis, I exchanged pleasantries with them and then instructed the Tonga driver to take them both to my shop in Banga, where they were to await my return.

I then proceeded to the Phagwara Railway Station to meet up with my dear friend, Erfani Sahib, and to bring him back to Banga so that the wedding party could all go together to Kath Gadh. I in the company of about eight friends set out on the last leg of the journey. After the conclusion of the wedding ceremony, Erfani Sahib made his way back to Banga riding a swift mare while I with others took a Tonga. Naturally Erfani Sahib reached Banga much earlier than anyone else.

When Erfani Sahib entered my shop, he happened to see two or three letters there. As he was a very close friend of mine, he felt these missives might be connected to the matrimonial notice published earlier. He naturally opened them and after having studied the contents therein, he found his hunch to have been well founded. He smiled when later I entered the shop and said your worries are now over, now leave everything to me.

A LETTER FROM KASHMIR

Among the letters was one from the state of Jammu, Kashmir, which he thought appropriate and therefore took up correspondence through the good offices of Qadian. He told me that a certain Khawaja Karam Dad Khan Sahib of Jammu, Hakim to the Maharajah, had two daughters and had offered either one in marriage in total obedience to Hazoor's directive issued to the Jamaat. The older daughter was aged about 15 and the younger one was about 13 years of age. And it came to pass, that Erfani Sahib advised Khawaja Sahib to make his offer through The Blessed Messiah ^(PBUH) and Hazoor then formally made known this offer to Erfani Sahib.

Hazoor called Erfani Sahib and asked him whether Rehmatullah was agreeable and to make known his choice. Erfani Sahib asked Hazoor whether Hazoor knew Rehmatullah. Hazoor replied "Yes! He is the one who presented me with a sack of potatoes". Whereupon Erfani Sahib said "It is He! Hazoor", then Hazoor recommended that the girl who was aged about 15 would be suitable and that Erfani Sahib should now write and obtain Rehmatullah's consent. A letter detailing what had transpired during his audience with Hazoor soon reached me. There was relief, joy and then considerable worry in my heart on hearing this wonderful news.

Now I was naturally delighted that at last with the blessings of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) a suitable match was being arranged. With this news, a natural state of relief and joy came worries about Khawaja Sahib's family and the realization that the only thing in common was the bond of Ahmadiyyat and all else was unbeknown to both parties.

FOOTNOTES: It would be only right to throw some light on the background of these two families. My Dadajan came from the Lahori Aryan stock and although a

businessman but was by no means a wealthy one. He was by nature softly spoken and of a peaceable demeanor like the verdant land of Doaba supplied with plentiful water from the rivers.

Khawaja Sahib came from the Rajpoot stock, who are a proud people, naturally hard like the land around Changa Bangial, (near Gujar Khan, now in Pakistan), and famous for their martial spirit throughout the history of the Indian subcontinent. Originally Rajpoots were exclusively a Hindu warrior race but some later became converts to Islam.

While the Aryans spoke a softer version of the Punjabi Language, the Rajpoots spoke Pothwari Language, which would have been quite an alien language to my Dadajan at the time.

Whereas Khawaja Sahib was much wealthier in comparison to my Dadajan's position, however Ahmadiyyat would bridge these gaps, even though the Rajpoots are normally too proud to ever give their daughter's hand in marriage to a non-Rajpoot. Come what may!

Later on I came to learn that this girl's name was Zaeviran Bibi, who was to become my future Dadijan.

With these thoughts in mind, I wrote to Erfani Sahib to make sure that Khawaja Sahib completely understood the situation before going ahead with this match.

May God Bless Khawaja Sahib, for he wrote back a long letter to Erfani Sahib, in which he stated that he had ignored all the inherent differences between Rehmatullah and himself because the community that The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) had founded is better than all other communities and therefore that was good enough for him. Khawaja Sahib requested Erfani Sahib to arrange to have his long letter published in its entirety so that others may learn from it. This letter was duly published in AL-Hakam newspaper.

In due course Khawaja Sahib wrote a letter to Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Karim Sahib appointing him Vali, thereby entrusting him with the duty of acting on his behalf for the solemnizing of the Nikah of ZAEVIRAN Bibi with me. With the specific instructions that the ceremony be performed whenever and wherever he thought fit.

It was in the month of June in 1905, that Maulana Abdul Karim Sahib and Erfani Sahib went to Qadian and on enquiring about the whereabouts of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) learnt that Hazoor had gone to the park accompanied by various members of the family and the Jamaat for a walk.

SUMMONED TO QADIAN BY THE PROMISED MESSIAH

On finding Hazoor, Erfani Sahib and Maulana Abdul Karim Sahib gained an audience and informed Hazoor that both the family representatives were ready for the performance of the Nikah. On hearing this Hazoor asked that Rehmatullah must attend in person and that someone should be sent to fetch him without delay. Consequently Hazoor asked Maulvi Yar Mohammad who was nearby to undertake this task immediately and arranged for all the expenses involved to be paid plus some extra money to Maulvi Sahib. Hazoor requested that he would appreciate if Rehmatullah could bring some two kilos (approx.) Desi Shakar, (native sugar) with him when he came..... or about two Rupees worth.

Maulvi Sahib reached my shop and related to me all that had passed in Qadian and specifically Hazoor's instructions for me to immediately make my way to Qadian to seek an audience. On hearing that I was summoned to Qadian, I obtained some "Shakar" and made my way post-haste to Qadian accompanied by Maulvi sahib.

When I reached Qadian, I went to Erfani Sahib's house so that an audience could be arranged with Hazoor. Next day was Juma (Friday). So Erfani Sahib sent a note informing Hazoor that Rehmatullah was now in Qadian and awaited Hazoor's further instructions.

NIKAH

Hazoor sent back instructions informing him that after the Juma prayers, Abdul Haye's Ameen will be taking place, therefore Inshallah the Nikah ceremony will take place after the Asr prayers.

*Erfani Sahib on receiving Hazoor's instructions made preparations for my Nikah ceremony by purchasing a big bag of 'Chuwaray'*1, an Islamic custom, and then took me to the Masjid for the Friday prayers. After the prayers the Ameen ceremony took place and then Hazoor made as if to retire indoors. At this Erfani Sahib approached Hazoor and seeing him Hazoor confirmed the Nikah timings to be correct. Erfani Sahib asked Hazoor whether Hazoor would be attending the ceremony in person. Inshallah I shall be there said Hazoor.*

*Soon as the Azan for Asr prayers had been called, people started to come and gather in the Mosque. And then Hazoor made his way in to the Mosque. And after the Asr prayers Hazoor asked Hadhrat Hakim Maulana Noor-ud-Deen Azam (who was to become Khalifatul Masih Awal) to deliver the Khutba Nikah*2. Immediately Maulvi Sahib stood up to do as was asked of him. It was then that Maulvi Abdul Karim Sahib asked Hazoor that if Hazoor desires to leave due to more pressing matters then Hazoor should do so. Then he added that would Hazoor, Please leave us with any instructions, if Hazoor so wished in the matter of this Nikah. Hazoor replied "that Hadhrat Hakim Sahib would solemnize the Nikah and I Inshallah will pray for both the parties enjoined by this Nikah". After saying this Hazoor retired to his quarters.*

*When Maulvi Sahib*3 came to read the marriage contract agreed between the parties, he noticed that the Haq Mehr had not been*

written down and he wished to consult Hazoor. At this I became a little concerned because it was known that Hazoor favoured a larger sum to be declared Haq Mehr^{*4}. But Maulvi Abdul Karim Sahib did not want Hazoor to be troubled about such a matter at this moment. He therefore declared that as he was appointed the representative of Khawaja Sahib, surely he was in a position to name a figure as Haq Mehr.

Maulvi Sahib (Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Awal) agreed and after consultations between Maulvi Abdul Karim Sahib and Sheikh Yacoub Ali Erfani Sahib and me, a sum of Rupees One Hundred and Fifty was agreed as the Haq Mehr and was accepted and Maulvi Sahib found this to complete the formalities. After which Maulvi Sahib (later Hadhrat Khaliftul Masih Awal) delivered an extensive Khutba Nikah followed by silent prayers and thus this blessed marriage was solemnized. Alhamdulillah! I had become a married man again. And one family like chalk and the other like cheese became one!

I was delighted and handed a sum of Rupees Fifty to Maulana Abdul Karim Sahib to be presented as a donation for the Ahmadiyya School, which was then handed over to Sheikh Sahib (The Scribe^{*5}). Sheikh Sahib also wrote a note asking for Hazoor's permission for me to leave for home.

The money together with the note was sent in to where Hazoor had retired. A note in Hazoor's own blessed handwriting was sent back, in which Hazoor had written that, may this new relationship be blessed and that he would certainly pray for me. You now have my permission to depart. This blessed note was greatly treasured by me. Alas! The whereabouts of this blessed note are not now known to me.

FOOTNOTES:

* 1 Dried Dates given to mark an happy event- an Islamic tradition

*2 Recitation of the Nikah, a legal requirement under Shariah Law- A marriage contract. .

*3 Hadhrat Hakim Maulana Noor- ud- Deen Azam, later Khalifatul Masih Awal, The First Caliph.

*4 Dowry payable by the husband to his future wife

*5 A scribe in those days served as a sort of Secretary. He took notes, wrote letters etc.

N.B.

Because Hadhrat Maulvi Hakim Maulana Noor- ud- Deen Azam Sahib became the First Caliph, I feel it right to use Khalifa Awal as the appropriate term of address rather than Khalifa the First; a very special honour indeed, he was The Promised Son and especially close and very dear to The Promised Messiah (PBUH).

FIRST VISIT TO QADIAN RECALLED

The details of my Dadajan's very first visit to Qadian he writes are as follows:

I reached Dar-ul-Aman in Qadian. Azan for Namaz Asr had already been called. We, my son and I, performed our ablutions hurriedly and reached Masjid Mubarak. Then Hazoor came and Hadhrat Maulvi Abdul Karim Sahib led the prayers. And having finished his prayers, Hazoor then retired to his quarters. We were rather perturbed at this, as no chance came our way to gain an audience with Hazoor.

On enquiring from the people, we learned that when the Maghrib and Isha prayers are performed on the upper part of the Masjid, it is then after the Maghrib prayers that Hazoor remains in the Mosque and waits for the Isha prayers, after which he takes leave. It was suggested that at some point after the Maghrib prayers, we might be able to gain an audience. We were somewhat elated at this good news.

And so after the Maghrib prayers Hazoor stayed and began to receive people. We were also called. It was Maulvi Sahib, later Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Awal^{RA} who ushered us forward and this we came to learn later as to who had thus ushered us. And we also learned that it was Hadhrat Maulvi Abdul Karim Sahib who had led the prayers. We were then strangers and therefore unfamiliar with everyone and everything in Qadian at that time. Then we found The Blessed Messiah and Imam Mahdi asking us our names and where we were from. We mentioned to Hazoor that we had sworn our Allegiance to Hazoor by letter only. Hazoor's every word had an electrifying*

quality and we expressed our wish to renew our pledge at his very blessed hand.

Now I am not certain whether the Bait was taken then or the next day. But I recall that Hazoor led a long silent prayer and asked us to stay awhile in Qadian. So this was the first time my son and I were blessed by Hazoor's presence. A memorable and a most profound experience that lifted me to new heights of spiritual experience and my son and I were reborn...as Ahmadi Muslims in the year 1938, some thirty odd years after the events; therefore I do admit that the events related by me are by no means in strict chronological order; as with age comes a little difficulty in remembering dates and some minor details. Certain events do not dim but become more lucid and focused with age.

FOOTNOTE

* Maulvi Sahib who was destined to later become Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Awal (RA)

It is to be noted that RA abbreviation here used means 'May Allah be pleased...'...This term is here used for the Khulafa who were Companions of The Promised Messiah and is always used for the Companions of The Holy Prophet of Islam (SAW). SAW abbreviation means Peace and Blessings of Allah be upon Him

HOST PAR-EXCELLENCE

One day my friends in Banga, decided that we should all pay a visit to Qadian. So I with about a dozen friends made our way to Qadian and reached Dar-ul-Aman. During our stay some of my friends became unwell.*

When Erfani Sahib learnt of our plight he came to see us immediately. On returning to his place of duty, Hadhrat Erfani Sahib sent a note to Hazoor informing Hazoor that some members of the Banga Jamaat had fallen ill due to having either eaten undercooked food or there was something amiss in the food served to them.

And Erfani Sahib informed Hazoor that Rehmatullah was also among the sick. He respectfully suggested to Hazoor that either a group of guests be allocated to the each member of the management teams or there should be some better way found to avoid any future inconvenience to the guests. Hadhrat Erfani Sahib and some other members of the management team were then summoned by The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH).

Hazoor asked of the people gathered around him, as to "who was responsible for undercooking the food, as our guests had greatly suffered!" Then Hazoor asked Hazrat Erfani Sahib to investigate and relieve the parties responsible of their duty and to appoint replacements. The people thought to be responsible apologized most sincerely there and then. And Hazoor graciously forgave them.

After this incident Hadhrat Erfani Sahib arranged for us, the sick, to be given specially prepared food so that we may recover speedily. At this I was rather embarrassed. That Hazoor came to know

of this incident and I protested to Hadhrat Erfani Sahib. His reply to my protest was to say that it was their duty to look after Hazoor's guests.

Anyway with Hazoor's prayers and the special care extended to us, we all soon recovered and returned home blessed, safe and happy.

FOOTNOTE

* Literally means House of Peace and here means Guest House for the guests of The Promised Messiah (PBUH).

HUNGER NO DETERRENCE

Another memorable occasion in Qadian, I would like to mention now is what happened during my sojourn for the Jalsa Salana. Banga Jamaat was allocated tents pitched in the open space of Hadhrat Mirza Sultan Ahmad's house. On the day of Juma (Friday) Hazoor was to deliver his speech, which took place in Masjid Aqsa.

That morning I decided not to have any breakfast, in order that I would remain fully awake and to be able to listen more attentively to Hazoor's every word. The speech concerned the significance and importance of 'The Five Pillars of Islam'. After Hazoor's divinely inspired speech, the Jalsa ended.

It was then, that the winter rain came. My friends and I felt severe pangs of hunger, but we found it difficult to be served due to the great numbers who had come from the Sialkot district and who were in front and proved difficult to navigate through. Three times Banga Jamaat's name was called but no matter how hard we tried, we could not reach the Marquee where the food was being served.

Our growling stomachs forced me to suggest to my friends, who had failed to get served, that they should accompany me to the Milkman's stall in the Bazaar, where maybe we could obtain some bread and milk to satisfy some of our hunger. Meanwhile some members of the Banga Jamaat had been able to obtain some bread and milk at Mirza Mohammad Ismail's shop and had returned and lay down to sleep.

In the event my hungry friends and I having failed to find such a shop returned and decided to wait till breakfast time. As it was cold and wet and this seemed the only sensible thing to do. A good part of the

night had passed when the management team came and asked anyone still hungry to come forth to be served. But due to the severe cold and the incessant rain no one came forward. But during the early hours of the morning: We heard people outside shouting that "The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) was touring the guest areas, as God had revealed to him that some of his guests had gone hungry that night."

I came to learn of this later on, that Hazoor had summoned some of the workers. Hazoor had told them "that their organizational skills had left much to be desired; and suggested, could they not take the food directly to the guests, rather than the poor guests having to come to them."

And the Organisers said to Hazoor "our chinaware might get lost if we delivered food direct to the guests". On hearing this Hazoor asked them, "Whose chinaware was it!" Then Hazoor added "Is it yours or mine! God sent it and he will keep on sending it! The guests should not be troubled!" And so with the dawning of the new day, my friends and I had a hearty breakfast. Alhamdullilah! What an extra-ordinary Host!

FOOTNOTE:

Please note in those days there was no disposable cutlery or plates etc

On another occasion when the day of the Salana Jalsa was near, I said Dua Istakhara (prayer said in order to seek Allah's guidance concerning a particular dilemma) and in this state of mind found the following words issued forth from my tongue:

*"Beko sheed ay jawanan tabededeem foat shud peyda" –
(Persian Verse)*

(O Youngman! Arise! So that your faith be fortified)

By the grace of Allah I attended every Jalsa Salana during my life-time. Alhamdullilah!

SUCH MULTITUDES IN QADIAN

Another memorable Jalsa Salana, when there were such large numbers of devotees, that Masjid Aqsa was absolutely full to capacity including the upper floor area.

Some people could only find space in the nearby shops and others were forced to find space on the roofs of the houses and some even overflowed on to the roof of a nearby house. Unfortunately this particular house constructed of unbaked bricks, happened to belong to a Hindu of the Arya Samaj.

I found a place near the tomb of Hazoor's father, there were such crowds that Hazoor came near me and spread a sort of handkerchief on the ground, in which a watch had been tied for safekeeping, and commenced with two rakats of Nafil prayers. I was totally engrossed in watching the divine aura around Hazoor's person. I saw Hazoor's heels almost touching and his arms folded over his chest in the prescribed manner. It was truly a sight to behold, the most divine aura surrounded Hazoor's persona.

Erfani Sahib in his book, Namaz Ahmadiyya, (Ahmadiyya Prayer Book), writes that on completion of his two Nafils Hazoor then sat down. The devotees requested that Hazoor make his way to the front, whereupon Hazoor replied "He was fine where he was." People started to make their way forward to pay their respects and be blessed.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR

Among this procession there was a man who presented Hazoor with a wad of currency notes which Hazoor graciously accepted but the donor did not enjoy any special favours. Then a man, Mian Yaar Mohammad Yakaywala, whose clothes were of a very basic quality and somewhat soiled through his labours, came forward to pay homage and after shaking Hazoor's hand sat down facing Hazoor. To the surprise of all, Hazoor spoke to him like to a long lost friend and enquired of him as to where he had come from, how far was the railway and how long he had to walk etc.

I wondered how big a present this man must have brought to deserve such treatment. And what would the wealthy donor, must now be thinking, who had not even been shown any special favour. Allah only knows!

However I was very touched by what I had witnessed, the meek and the poor were always very close to Hazoor's heart. Soon afterwards another man came forward to pay his homage and presented Hazoor a note of Ten Rupees, which Hazoor returned to the man and said to him, "use this money to invest in some commercial venture now. You can come back later!" Such love and concern for the people can only come from a heart, which is divinely blessed.

FOOTNOTE:

To get back to the Hindu's house, the roof of whose house was being occupied unknowingly by the devotees of Hazoor due to scarcity of space for the purposes of offering of prayers.

Eventually the Hindu came and started to abuse the people on his roof who were deep in prayers.

The language he used was most foul which hurt the young and the old alike but Hazoor's teachings forbade any reaction, and so they remained silent. Anyway soon as the prayers had been said, Hazoor was asked as to the site where a dais should be erected. Hazoor said "wherever you think it fit." The dais was then erected in the open ground outside.

When Hazoor delivered his speech he addressed the abusive Hindu and all of Arya Samaj. Hazoor said "All these houses will one day become empty and may be filled with Bewagan!" (widows). After this incident Hazoor wrote an excellent magazine entitled "Ahmadis and the Aryas of Qadian". Alhamdulillah!

FOOTNOTE:

I must make mention here of the fact that, this was the age of hospitality shown to strangers and wayfarers irrespective of religion, caste and creed. The aforesaid Hindu showed no such feelings towards the people who had unknowingly overflowed on to his roof. No danger was posed to his property and it was occupied briefly only for the purposes of offering their prayers from this vantage point, so that the prayers could be said in unison with the main congregation. There was no cause for abuse but this man took umbrage, not at the trespass: the fact that they were Ahmadis and for no other reason.

*I recall, another occasion that comes to mind, when I had gone to Qadian and to be blessed, on my arrival there, I learnt that Hazoor had gone to the Bagh *¹. I then found out Syed Mehdi Hassan Sahib. He was on duty with the instructions not to let anyone intrude upon Hazoor's privacy in the orchard without prior permission from Hazoor. As I had come from afar, I requested Syed Sahib to send in a note seeking Hazoor's permission for an audience. The note came back with Hazoor's blessed handwritten permission appended to the note. I was so moved that my eyes brimmed over with tears and even Syed Sahib's eyes became moist.*

I was then ushered in to Hazoor's august presence and was blessed. I had brought a present of a sack of potatoes with me, which Hazoor gracefully accepted. Alhamdulillah!

FOOTNOTE:

*¹ Presumably this was the hot summer season when heat becomes rather oppressive indoors in the Punjab. At times Hazoor used to go to the Bagh in order perhaps to seek some relief from the intense heat. Bagh is a fruit orchard and it is somewhat cooler to sit under its trees and a veritable pleasure to behold in the summer haze.

When news of the sudden demise of Hadhrat Sahibzada Mirza Mubarak Ahmad, son of The Promised Messiah (PBUH), reached me, I immediately set out for Qadian accompanied by my wife, daughter, Mian Sindhi Shah and his wife.

When our party had reached Qadian and we were making our way in the Tonga to Darul-Aman; on reaching the point of alighting from the Tonga, we found a crowd of women already gathered there. Seeing our womenfolk they surrounded them. These women asked our women: "Where were they bound, is it to the Mirza Sahib?" (Promised Messiah's home)! On being answered in the affirmative went on to add that he has not even shed a single tear for his beloved son.*

Anyway the party made their way to Erfani Sahib's house, where the men stayed together in a downstairs room while our womenfolk went to the upper floor of the house. Soon the Azan was called and at this our womenfolk made their way to Hazoor's house so that they may gain an audience with Hadhrat Ummul-Momineen (RA), the wife of The Promised Messiah (PBUH), while Sindhi Sahib and I stayed behind to prepare to go to the Masjid to offer our prayers.

FOOTNOE:

* This was clearly said in a most sarcastic manner designed clearly to cause upset, a time-honoured way of the opponents and enemies of The Promised Messiah (PBUH).

Before setting out, our womenfolk, my wife, my sister and my son Ismail's wife, asked me to handover the clothing material, a gift, which was to be presented to Hadhrat Ummul-Momineen ^(RA) and Hadhrat Masih-Maud aleh salat-tu-wasalaam. So that our womenfolk would feel greatly honoured to express their love and devotion for The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH); thus the hearts of our womenfolk would rest easy during the audience, such was the custom among the farming and Aryan communities in those days. And my sister also took a traditional heavy copper pot to offer as a present.

Subsequently all that had passed during their visit to The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) house was related to us by our womenfolk on their return to Erfani Sahib's home as follows.

When they got to Hazoor's house and learnt that Hazoor had gone to the Masjid to offer his prayers, they were met at the door and then ushered in to the house to be received by Hadhrat Ummul-Momineen ^(RA) who lovingly greeted each one and enquired about their names and how each was related to me. And Hadhrat Ummul-Momineen ^(RA) assured them that Hazoor would be returning shortly from the Masjid and she would ensure that they would be honoured with an audience with Hazoor and would also be able to swear their allegiance (Bait) there and then.

While all this was going on, we, the menfolk, had gone to the Masjid, and after offering our prayers, we managed to shake the blessed hand of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH), after which Hazoor retired to quarters. When we had all returned, late at night, our womenfolk continued with the following details.

They said that when Hazoor had returned home, Hadhrat Ummul-Momineen took us for an audience with Hazoor. When Hadhrat

Ummul-Momineen ^(RA) came to introduce my wife, Hazoor in response mentioned that "She is the daughter of Khawaja Sahib, and I arranged her Nikah. Yes! Yes! Mian Rehmatullah Sahib Baghanwala is also here. He was at the Mosque today!"

And so all our womenfolk were introduced in turn and Hazoor graciously accepted their Baits. Alhamdulillah!

A LESSON LEARNT

Hazoor favoured them with some blessed words of advice. Then our womenfolk offered by way of homage, small sums of money each according to capacity together with the material for clothing. Hazoor took this material in his own blessed hands and showed it to Hadhrat Ummul-Momineen ^(RA) with great pleasure. And Hazoor pointed out, that "Look there is Mian Rehmatullah's wife who has so lovingly brought this present for you and me. How nice and beautiful it is!" Then Hazoor caught sight of the copper vessel and picked it up in his blessed hands and said "Begum Sahiba, Look! What Rehmatullah's sister has brought for us! It is so pretty and beautiful and she has brought this as a present for us!"

This surprised our womenfolk that, Hazoor should show such pleasure and grace in such a copper vessel of no obvious artistic merit or great value. It made a very deep impression on our womenfolk who were neither learned nor sophisticated but plain Aryan, people of the land.

They however noticed that in The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) household there were neither faint nor loud cries of mourning ^{*1} but every sign of complete acceptance of the Will of Allah, The Creator of the Heavens and the Earth, The Lord of The Day of Judgement, from Whence we come and to Him we shall return, AS HE WILLS, SO SHALL BE DONE!

They learnt a great lesson from The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) and Hadhrat Ummul-Momineen ^(RA) that day, the meaning of complete submission to The Will of Allah and how to bear greatest of losses without flinching.

*It is to be noted that I used to write my profession after my name whenever I wrote any letters. This was such a well-recognized custom of the day, some people would be identified by their profession and others by the name of their town, that I would add the word 'Sabzifarosh', *2 after my name.*

FOOTNOTES:

*1 This had a most profound effect on our womenfolk, as they knew that it was customary for the next of kin of the deceased to make mourning an art form, even to the extent of hiring professional mourners, who would issue forth the most heart-rending wails and put on a great show for all. This in some mysterious way enhanced the status of the bereaved family

*2 The English translation of 'Sabzifarosh' would be 'A Greengrocer'.

‘BAGHANWALA’

*During the Khilafat-i-Sania, the time of the Hadhrat Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmood Ahmad, The Promised Son of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH), later the Second Caliph, I was having an audience with Hadhrat Khalifa Sani ^{*1} (the Second Caliph); when Erfani Sahib, who was also present, mentioned the fact that “Hadhrat Masih-Maud eleh hiss salat-tu- was Salaam (The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH)) had called Mian Rehmatullah- BAGHANWALA!” It was then that Hadhrat Khalifa Sani said to me, that “as The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) had called you ‘Baghanwala’, henceforth you must always write ‘Baghanwala’ after your name because what issues from The Promised Messiah’s ^(PBUH) lips is always Blessed and you must treasure it as such.” ^{*2} Alhamdulillah!*

FOOTNOTES:

^{*1} Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Sani is used instead of Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih the Second as he was The Promised Son, a very special honour and blessings. Also please note the omission of RA after the name of Khalifa Sani by me because when Dadajan had penned his notes, Khalifa Sani was alive and well.

^{*2} So much so, that I came to hear from my dear Dadijan (Grandmother) that, she found blessings pouring in, as though the heavens had opened up above their abode. Alhamdulillah! What blessings they were! It was truly a heavenly sign of the blessings of The Promised Messiah (PBUH)! It was such divine blessings, that The Promised Messiah (PBUH) was distributing, and my Dadajan was fortunate to receive at the blessed hand of The Promised Messiah (PBUH).

In 1938 when I was writing my memoir, in which I say that, I was nothing, but with The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) blessings, I was able to obtain sometimes three and sometimes four large fruit bearing orchards. But now that I have grown old and financially not so well off, due to my failing health; I now find it difficult to work. However I still manage to get one or two orchards for my son, Ismail, from my first wife.

After some days, I began to think of returning home from Qadian, but on learning that The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) was indisposed due to health; and therefore Hazoor was not able to come to the Masjid for prayers, I decided to prolong my sojourn. I then sent in a note asking for The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) permission for me to depart together with a sum of Rupees Ten on behalf of Sindhi Sahib.

Soon a note written by The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) blessed hand came back. In the note Hazoor had written that the sum sent in has been received. May Allah Tala save you from the ills of the world. May Allah grant your life a peaceful conclusion. I was overjoyed by such a generous gesture from The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH). Alhamdulillah!

MARTYRDOM OF HADHRAT MAULVI ABDUL LATIF SAHIB

The occasion when I was in Dar-ul-Aman and on completion of the Zohr prayers, Erfani Sahib mentioned to Hazoor that Hadhrat Maulvi Abdul Latif Sahib ^{*1} (may Allah favour him a thousand fold), the news of whose martyrdom had been published by Watan ^{*2} newspaper, and that in his opinion this newspaper did not normally publish news without first taking due care as to its authenticity.

On hearing this from Erfani Sahib, The Promised Messiah (PBUH) said that "for the time being our newspapers must not make any mention of this. Inshallah! I shall myself write about it." Erfani Sahib then added Hazoor what will our opponents say, on finding no response on our part!

Hazoor then went on to say "Will our opponents not feel shame. The status of the martyrdom of Maulvi Sahib was greater than that of even Hazrat Imam Hussain. The Promised Messiah (PBUH) explained that because Hadhrat Imam Hussain was offered a choice, whereas Hadhrat Maulvi Sahib was not offered any choice." On this very topic Hazoor came to write his book Tadkiratush Shahadaten ^{*3}

FOOTNOTES:

*1 once Mentor of the Afghan King, Chief of the area of Khost, (Afghanistan) an eminent scholar of his age, a seeker of truth, a great traveller, a servant of The Promised Messiah (PBUH).

*2 An Urdu language newspaper in North West British India

*3 (A Discourse on Martyrdom). In this book Hazoor had also mentioned the earlier martyrdom of Hadhrat Maulvi Abdul Rehman Sahib of Afghanistan. Maulvi Sahib was a disciple of Hadhrat Sahibzada Syed Abdul Latif Sahib of Khost and was sent to Qadian by Sahibzada Sahib to make further enquiries and was authorized to take the bait at the hand of The Promised Messiah (PBUH)), for himself as well as on behalf of Sahibzada Sahib. On returning to Kabul, Afghanistan, Hadhrat Maulvi Sahib was

martyred on the orders of the Amir Habib Ullah Khan, the Ruler, in the most cruel and barbaric manner. He was our second martyr.

May Allah reward him and other martyrs most handsomely! (See: also the book 'The Afghan Martyrs' by our dear Imam B.A.Rafiq)

'AL-WASSIYAT'

During the period when Hazoor wrote the magazine titled 'Al-Wassiyat' soon after that I wrote to Hazoor requesting that would Hazoor kindly bestow a great favour upon me by sending me a garment as a blessed keepsake, so that I may feel always to be next to him. Hazoor by his grace and favour sent a blessed garment together with a note to Erfani Sahib indicating that the garment and a copy of Al-Wassiyat be forwarded to Maulvi Rehmatullah.*

I received the blessed garment together with a copy of Al-Wassiyat through the post. Though I had already received copies of Al-Wassiyat earlier but Erfani Sahib in his letter mentioned that this copy was being sent on the express orders of The Promised Messiah (PBCH) and therefore this copy was to be treated as special and retained in a place of honour. And so this particular copy was specially bound and placed in my extensive library.

FOOTNOTE:

* The Testament or The Will

ALLAH'S WAYS

Unbeknown to man, Allah has his own ways in all things. The day The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) passed away in Lahore to meet his Maker, I was contacted by the Babu (Postmaster) who gave me this sad news. At the time the Superintendent of Post Offices who was a Hindu Arya and an opponent of Ahmadiyyat, was on his tour and paying a visit to the Banga Post Office.

As the Babu was a friend of mine, therefore I with other Ahmadis made our way to the Post Office to send a telegram. On hearing me asking the Babu to send an urgent telegram to Lahore, the Superintendent intervened and said "Why don't you just ask me! What is the matter!" On learning of the nature of our anxiety and his reponse, we realized that The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) had indeed passed away. Inna lillahe Wa Inna Alahe Rajeoon! The Babu also confirmed that Hazoor's janaza *, was being prepared for return to Qadian. The Superintendent was unable to totally mask his secret pleasure. He kept pestering the Postmaster (Babu) to find out more.

Anyway all the hubbub and uproar confirmed to our sinking hearts that this sad news was indeed to be true.

With heavy hearts and sinking feeling we returned to our shops. And we all wondered as to how this could have happened and what a strange way to learn of such a momentous event.

I then asked all the Ahmadis of Banga to shut their shops and everyone to gather in the Mosque. It was about 10 a.m. by which time all the people had gathered in the Mosque.

It was then it came to me, as to why The Promised Messiah (PBUH) had specially sent me a copy of 'Al-Wassiyat', (The WILL). Surely this was now the occasion, on which it must be read out to the public. Tears issued forth from all present throughout the reading of 'Al-Wassiyat'. But this reading also acted like a balm and made everyone's heart able to take courage from The Promised Messiah's (PBUH) blessed words and advice contained therein. I have treasured this copy of 'Al-Wassiyat' and the garment given to me by The Promised Messiah (PBUH).

This book held a place of honour and it became part of my extensive library of The Blessed Messiah and Imam Mahdi's books.

FOOTNOTE:

- * The Coffin in which the body is carried- the box
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A MIRACLE AT HOME

My dear friend, Sheikh Mahmood Ahmad Sahib, gave me a lock of The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) hair, which I also treasured. And Mufti Fazle-ul-Rehman Sahib gave me a piece of a garment that had belonged to Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Awal ^(RA).

*As soon as I had returned home, I wrapped Hazoor's blessed lock of hair in some paper and then used the piece of cloth to wrap around the little parcel containing the blessed lock of Hazoor's hair. This little parcel I then proceeded to put in the pocket of my vest so that not only was it safe, but more importantly next to my flesh ^{*1}.*

FOOTNOTES:

*1 This is how the devotees honoured and tried to seek blessings from things that had belonged to The Promised Messiah (PBUH) and I am reminded here of the Prophecy of The Promised Messiah (PBUH), that 'Kings shall seek Blessings from thy garments'. This prophecy in a way, I have personally witnessed, being fulfilled even in London. This I have related in the Biography of my dear father, Hadayitullah Bangvi Sahib under preparation for publication. Alhamdulillah!

Please note that, when the winter descended upon the Punjab plains and with it came the rains and the cold winds begin to blow from the Himalayas (an extensive mountain chain to the north of the Punjab, in the Indian sub-continent) many people of the Punjab usually succumbed to Pneumonia, Bronchitis etc.

I caught a chill. And on medical advice, a coal fire was arranged to warm my room, thereby to ease the inordinate discomfort I was suffering. It was so bitterly cold that my clothes had to be first warmed on the coal fire before I could put them on. One day, I asked my two young daughters to warm up my clothes together with the vest.

Meanwhile I had wrapped myself in a blanket and waited sitting on my bed. My young daughters started with my vest. Being young and not really aware, as to how hot coals can become when they are stoked and piled up. When the cotton vest was being warmed up by each daughter holding the vest by the corners and stretched out over the coal fire. First one side and then when they turned the vest over to the other side, the little parcel fell down into the inferno. They shouted "Abbajan! Abbajan! Something's burning in the fire!"

Suddenly I realized that it could be the lock of my beloved Hazoor's hair. I immediately pulled the little parcel from the fire with a nearby pair of tongs. I then put it on the floor so that it may cool down, thinking the while maybe I could save at least the ashes. On cooling of the parcel sufficiently, when I prodded the ball and was un-wrapping it, I suddenly recognized Hadhrat Khaliftul Masih Awal's ^(RA) piece of garment and it was untouched by fire except for one corner, which was slightly singed. And on opening the paper wrapped lock of my beloved Hazoor's hair, I was totally amazed, to discover that the flames had not had the slightest effect.

What a miracle! I had been a witness to and began to recite Darood Sharif over and over. The whole night I passed in this way and I remembered over and over the Prophecy 'Do not use fire to frighten us! Fire is my slave moreover it is a slave of the slaves!' Alhamdulillah! How I witnessed this Prophecy, come true before my very own eyes.

The night passed in remembrance of The Blessings that issued forth from every pore of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH). In the morning I related all that I had witnessed during the night and showed everyone Hazoor's lock of hair untouched by the flames. I showed the blessed lock of hair even to some of my non-Ahmadi friends and repeated what I had witnessed that night. I then obtained a piece of cloth from my wife to make anew secure little parcel.

This time I had this stitched to the inside of my pocket. I kept it as a talisman, no more than that, but more as a keepsake from my long association with The Beloved Promised Messiah ^(PBUH).

DO NOT FRIGHTEN US WITH FIRE!

On the 25th August 1936 when I went to the Dauri-Aman in Qadian; Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Sani was giving a recitation of The Holy Quran and commentary. During this discourse, which was held in Masjid Aqsa, Khalifa Sani went on to mention, how the chosen ones of Allah had been spared from harm by fire.

The very next day I went for an audience with Khalifa Sani and related to him what I had myself witnessed and also showed him the little parcel containing The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) lock of hair. After hearing all from me, Khalifa Sani was deeply moved and offered a special prayer.

After my visit, I found that many people came to me to see the sacred relic and hear eyewitness account. However within the space of one year, this sacred relic was somehow misplaced or lost.

Seeing a certain unease etched on my visage, my friend, Mian Abdul Rahim, Chef of the Langar Khana, came to my aid by assuring me, that he had a lock of The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) hair. He told me not to be upset. Mian Sahib then gave me the lock of The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) hair, which was wrapped in paper. After a lapse of some months Khalifa Sani gave me leave to return home to Banga. I still wear this sacred relic around my neck. I then wrote a verse of the Darood-e-Sharif as thanksgiving.*

FOOTNOTE:

* The Promised Messiah's kitchens

A MIND PUT AT EASE

*Once accompanied by some friends, I went to Qadian during the 'Besakhi Mela' *¹, as there was little business conducted during the festivities.*

As we all wanted to be blessed by having an audience with The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH), so we all went to offer our Maghrib prayers in the Masjid. After having said the prayers, accompanied by my friends I made my way to the upper storey of the Mosque where Hazoor held meetings.

*During this occasion I mentioned to Hazoor that something had been bothering me and would Hazoor kindly enlighten me. I went on to put my particular problem to Hazoor so that I maybe guided. I went on to say, "Hazoor in the Banga area the 'fruit-on-the-bough' in the orchards is sold many months in advance *². How should I act correctly and in accordance with the Islamic Sharia Law?"*

FOOTNOTES:

* 1 A festival especially for and enjoyed by the farming communities in the sub-continent especially in the Punjab to celebrate the harvest.

*2 A sort of gamble in commercial terms, a game of chance. It was this perception which required clarification.

Hazoor kindly offered his opinion in the matter, that, "it is better to see the fruit first." Then I said "if we do that, then we are left with nothing to buy as nothing will be left for us to purchase." By this time Hazoor's orchard had already been spoken for by Hadhrat Mir Sahib. Hazoor said that "in his orchard there was a great variety of fruit; perhaps the mango trees are already bearing fruit and mangoes, even when still unripe and green, can fetch a good price" *3.

Maulvi Sahib, Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA), who was also present, was asked by Hazoor, "Maulvi Sahib what is in the Hadith Sharif regarding the business connected with orchards!" Maulvi Sahib said "Hazoor if the 'Fruit-on-the Bough' is bought together with the land on which the fruit trees stand; the Hadith Sharif regards that to be permissible and therefore it is in accordance with the Shariat Law."

My mind was thus beautifully put to rest. Subsequently I purchased some orchards with the fruit bearing trees. And as I had acted upon what I had learned in Qadian, during the course of my audience with The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH), my business was blessed and prospered. My successes were solely due to my love for The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) and not to my business acumen or ability.

FOOTNOTE:

*3 The Mango fruit when still green and unripe is used to make Chutneys and even Pickled. When it is ripe it is eaten as fruit. Therefore it is still valuable at different times in its growth cycle.

My mind was thus beautifully put to rest. Subsequently I purchased some orchards with the fruit bearing trees. And as I had acted upon what I had learned in Qadian, during the course of my audience with The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH), my business was blessed and prospered. My successes were solely due to my love for The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) and not to my business acumen or ability.

A JOURNEY TO QADIAN ENDS IN GURDASPUR

On another occasion, when accompanied by Chaudhry Ahmad Yar Khan Sahib Ludhianavi and Chaudhry Ghulam Nabi Khan Sahib, I went to Dar-ul-Aman in Qadian. On reaching our destination we were informed that The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) had gone to attend the court in Gurdaspur, where Karam Din's case was to be heard. In this case, Karam Din, the mischief-maker, had started civil proceeding alleging that (God forbid) Hazoor together with Hakim Fazal Din Sahib and Sheikh Yacoub Ali Erfani Sahib had libelled him. So my Dadajan with his companions waited three or four days for Hazoor's return to Qadian.

On enquiring how long will it be before Hazoor would return to Qadian. No one was sure as these court proceedings could always be delayed for a whole host of reasons, a common occurrence in legal proceedings. It is a well known fact that civil cases, which the Judiciary can not resolve will 'ultimately time must resolve', so what is the rush! Consequently Hazoor had decided to stay awhile in Gurdaspur. My Companions and I were disappointed at this.

So the next day our party decided to make our way back to Banga. When we reached Batala, we had second thoughts and after mutually agreeing changed our plan. We decided instead to go to Gurdaspur and fortunately the train to take us there was expected shortly. I immediately bought three tickets to Gurdaspur and we all took the train. When we alighted from the train at Gurdaspur Station I surrendered the three tickets to the railway ticket collector at the exit.

The Ticket Collector gestured to me and said to me "Do not go out!" But then pointed to a room where we were to wait for him. We were perplexed at this, as the tickets were made out correctly and there

could not be any reason for this sudden detention. Brother Ahmad Yar, who was of a suffiana disposition and elderly, kept on praying and asking for Allah's mercy, while the train departed towards Dina Nagar, Pathan Kot.

After having finished his business the Ticket Collector made his way to the room, where we three very confused passengers were waiting, and on seeing me he asked "Don't you recognize me?" I replied "NO!" The Ticket Collector then went on to introduce himself, by uttering his name, which was Allah Baksh. He said his father was Mian Ji Rehmatullah of Gadi Rahon, who was my first mentor. He stressed the fact that his father still had great affection for me.

He added that his father had left only a few days ago, after a sojourn of one and a half months in his house. He went on to say that his father used to often talk about you in a very affectionate way and when my father recently left, he did say that he never visits me, unless he first pays a visit to Maulvi Rehmatullah, his old pupil in Banga. And this fact I was able to confirm that indeed every time Mianjii went to Gurdaspur to see his son, he would always stay and visit me. And Mianji had mentioned that his son was employed in Gurdaspur but I had forgotten this, as I had seen the son only when he was a young boy; and therefore failed now to recognize Allah Baksh.

Allah Baksh had by now put everyone at ease and fetched a charpai*1 for all to sit on. He also got some milk and ice with which he made us lassi*2 to quench our thirst and to make us generally more comfortable.

After bidding Allah Baksh farewell, the party now having been refreshed, made its way to the place where Hazoor was staying. We found Hazoor resting on a charpai and on seeing Hazoor's blessed face,

we were overjoyed and our hearts were enormously uplifted. Hazoor's face shone like the full moon and there was an aura about Hazoor, which was of a divine character. Alhamdulillah! We noticed some other guests who were already present and among them I particularly noticed Khawaja Kemal-Ud-Din Sahib. I was blessed with a handshake with Hazoor and sat down as others had done earlier.

*After a short lapse of time more people started arriving, among them were British Indian Government Officials, Magistrates, Tehsildars and some people from Meerut ^{*3}. And some smaller groups who had brought melons of different varieties as gifts for Hazoor. Khawaja Sahib asked whether Hazoor would like to taste the melons and when Hazoor answered in the affirmative. Khawaja Sahib proceeded to prepare a slice. On tasting the slice Hazoor said "Subhanallah" over and over again; and when Khawaja Sahib enquired of Hazoor "How is the melon, Hazoor!" "Subhanallah! It is very good" was Hazoor's response.*

FOOTNOTES:

*1 An Indian bedstead

*2 A Punjabi milkshake

*3 A town in South East India

Then Khawaja Sahib prepared a slice from another melon and offered it to Hazoor and this was graciously accepted. Then Hazoor asked that all the guests be treated to these melons. After a short while Hazoor said "I have tasted these excellent melons but my family has not. If any melons were still left, it would be nice to send them to Qadian, so they could also enjoy them."

This was done in due course. Allah humma salle ala Muhammadan wa ala aaleh Muhammadan wa ala abdah-el-Masih-e-Maud.

KARAM DIN THE MISCHIEF-MAKER

*I donated a sum of Rupees Five in the name of Hazoor as Sadka*1 to be used towards the costs of Karam Din's court case. This Karam Din was a mischief - maker who had registered a civil case*2 against our Hazoor. Hazoor was pleased at my concern and offered his blessings and prayers for me.*

*Next day had been fixed for the hearing of Karam Din's case. The courthouse building was shielded from the road by a row of Jamun trees.*3*

On entering the courtyard we noticed a bullock- pulled cart standing in one corner. And under the shade of the huge Jamun trees, we found a groundsheet had been spread and Hazoor was sitting on it.

And Hazoor's devotees were seated around him and thus forming a circle around him. My companions and I also took our place among them. There was a discussion going on concerning spiritual and religious matters.

FOOTNOTES:

*1 Sadka- A special donation

*2 This case of libel, (as well as many other false cases) against The Promised Messiah (PBUH), was naturally dismissed, as it was not based on any truth or substance but designed merely to cause harassment etc.

*3 Jamun trees bear a sort of savoury tasting berry, which is mauve in colour and particularly suitable for its cooling effect during the sweltering summer heat. It is either eaten after sprinkling spices on it or made into a delicious summer drink.

HAZOOR'S CHALLENGE

A Maulvi belonging to the Anjuman Himayate-Islam, Lahore, and another whom I thought was Maulvi Karam Din came and joined us. Each of these Maulvis found a place on either side of Hazoor. I happily found myself sitting facing my beloved Hazoor. Maulvi Fazle Din Sahib Behravi mentioned to Hazoor that Maulvi Rehmatullah of Banga is here. At this Hazoor affectionately spoke to me. The words of which now unfortunately escape me.

Then Hazoor looked at the two non-Ahmadi Maulvis and addressed the one from Lahore and asked him, whether he was a member of Anjuman Himayate Islam and had come to collect donations for his organization. He replied "Yes, Hazoor!" Then Hazoor enquired of him as to what services had his Anjuman rendered in the cause of Islam.

*At this the man remained silent. Hazoor not obtaining any answer from this Maulvi, then said, Ask your Ulema*1 to come and discuss Islam with me. Either they can invite me to go to them for the discussion or they can come to me. We shall pay all their expenses if they decide to come to me. And if through the discussions they prevail and therefore win the day, then I will immediately order my devotees to henceforth donate their chanda to Himayate Islam. Even if each devotee donated just a single Rupee *2 to your Anjuman, then your Anjuman would begin to benefit by thousands of Rupees per annum. And therefore your Anjuman's cause would benefit greatly and would expand beyond your wildest dream. This is roughly the gist of what passed according to my memory. Both the Maulvis remained silent at this. Then Hazoor commenced with his speech.*

Hazoor started by saying that he was used to being alone and preferred his own company. And Hazoor then went to add that "Allah commanded him time and again 'to abandon my own company' and to come out, so that a duty that was expected from me could be entrusted to me. I was puzzled as to what duty was to be entrusted to me. Allah told me time and time again that Jesus, son of Mary, had met a mortal end: And that "I am The Promised Messiah and Imam Mahdi of the time!"

Hazoor continued that If I disobey Allah's command, then surely I would be damned! "I do not care if I now face oppression and persecution at the hands of my opponents." Hazoor was speaking on the topic of 'Falumma Tawaffaitany' ^{*2}, and whenever I tried to look at Hazoor's blessed visage: I would see the spiritual aura surrounding Hazoor and I had to avert my gaze, as I found the experience so overwhelming.

Pity that the editor, Mohammad Afzal, who remained in the bullock-cart had somehow dozed off. By this time, roughly an hour had passed listening to Hazoor's speech, when Sheikh Erfani Sahib joined the assembly and started to write down the words of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH).

FOOTNOTES:

* 1 Learned Scholars of Muslim Religious Teaching.

*2 The Indian currency

Though I think that is how the events unfolded to the best of my memory. The two Maulvis sat there like statues listening. And then there was a call to attend the court session. Whereupon Hazoor got up and made his way to the court.

After attending the court, Hazoor returned to the house where Hazoor was staying. Later on I made my way there to be with Hazoor. When I entered the guesthouse, I learned that Hazoor's bed had been placed on the first floor of the house. And on reaching the first floor, I found Hazoor's bed had been so arranged as to face the staircase.

The sun then started to dip and soon it was time for the Maghrib prayers. The Azan was called and the congregational prayers followed. Now here I am not absolutely sure whether the evening meal was taken before or after these prayers. However I clearly remember the Chef coming and announcing that the dinner was ready to be served. Whereupon Hazoor said that the meal may now be brought in and served.

HAZOR'S HOSPITALITY

My companions and I, who considered ourselves to be lowly country folks, then made our way to a far corner of the room and sat down. After a while our unease grew at the thought of sitting in the midst of such personages who were in attendance, made us decide to go downstairs thereby obtaining some relief from our unease and take our meal out of sight.

With this intent we began to make our move, this took us past the place where Hazoor was sitting. On seeing us, Hazoor asked us "Where we were going?" I answered "Hazoor we are going downstairs to take our meal." Hazoor was puzzled at this, and said "Why? Is there not enough room for you here?" I answered "Hazoor there is room here". At this Hazoor asked us to sit down there, and we sat down.

The meal was brought in and put in front of Hazoor. And the devotees were all invited and one by one joined in partaking the meal till Hazoor had to move and eventually Hazoor found himself, at the very edge of the bed so that everyone could be accommodated on the bed.

Such hospitality I had never before witnessed from anyone. And my faith was fortified manifold whenever I was in the Blessed Company of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH). Alhamdulillah!

FINANCIAL COMMISSIONER COMES TO QADIAN

On one particular occasion I happened to receive a private letter informing me that the Financial Commissioner Sahib was coming to Qadian, I was therefore required to arrange for one or two representative from each Jamaat in my area to come to Qadian to meet him.

It was arranged that Hakim Haji Rehmatullah of Rahon Jamaat, Haji Ghulam Ahmad of Keryam Jamaat and I representing the Banga Jamaat were to go to Qadian, to meet The Commissioner Sahib.

On reaching Qadian we were directed to the place where later on the Qadian High School came to be constructed.

An encampment consisting of many marquees and tents was put up for this special occasion. As was my custom on these occasions, I took a basket full of fruit with me. Our party of three arrived at the encampment and waited for the arrival of the Commissioner Sahib like all the other guests waiting there and seated on chairs. Maulvi Sahib, Hadhrat Khalifa Awal, was seated on one side of the marquee while the rest sat on the other side.

Duly the Commissioner Sahib made his entrance accompanied by four or five English Gentlemen. I recognized Mr. King, the Deputy Commissioner for the Gurdaspur District and Mr. Conway, who was in charge of overseeing Plague Epidemic Control in the Banga area as well as the whole of the Gurdaspur District among the party.

The Deputy Commissioner Sahib immediately made a bee-line for Maulvi Sahib, Hadhrat Khalifa Awal, and shook hands with him. And there followed a general shaking of hands all around. I think that

Maulvi Sahib, Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA), did not get up to shake hands
*1 but might have passed a note to the Commissioner Sahib. God only
knows!

After the introductions, which were conducted by Khawaja Kemal-ud-
Din Sahib and Maulvi Mohammad Ali Sahib, the Commissioner Sahib
and his party retired to their respective tents.

After Commissioner Sahib had rested, he summoned Khawaja Sahib
Maulvi Sahib and Erfani Sahib to appear before him in his tent. I later
came to learn that these English gentlemen had expressed a keen desire
to meet Hazoor. As an invitation to a dinner had already been extended
to the Commissioner Sahib and his companions, the Jamaat
representatives urged the English guests to accept and also mentioning
the fact that The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) was a most gracious host.

Therefore the chances of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) paying
them a visit during the meal would be more likely than not. However
they were not in a position to make any firm promise.

FOOTNOTE:

*1 The reason, for what at first seems to be, an apparent breach of protocol was either
contained in the note or there was some perfectly valid excuse.

At this one of the English guests enquired of Mirza Sultan Ahmad Sahib whether any English Officers had ever dined at The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) party.

Then all the English guests conferred together and decided to send the Deputy Commissioner Sahib in person to convey the acceptance of the invitation to The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH). At this happy outcome, some of the Ahmadis then ran ahead of the Deputy Commissioner Sahib towards Hazoor's residence, so that they may be the first with this news.

My son, Ismail, who was very athletic outstripped everyone and reached Hazoor's residence still holding the basket of fruit. He rapidly climbed the stairs and knocked at the door. By then some others and I had also reached the place where Ismail stood by the door.

*I then saw the door open and was delighted to see Hazoor standing before us. Hazoor had some henna ^{*2} on his hair. Hazoor was informed that the Deputy Commissioner Sahib was standing downstairs and conveys the acceptance of the dinner invitation and sends his and his colleagues' salutations.*

FOOTNOTE:

**2 This herb, henna, not only dyes grey hair to ginger, but affords considerable relief from the oppressive heat. It gives a Ginger colour and is akin to orange/red tint.*

Hazoor was asked, what should be prepared for these guests, to which Hazoor's response was whatever they were used to having. Then someone mentioned that Hazoor these guests are also desirous of an audience. Hazoor then enquired as to the time the English usually had their dinner and someone said at about 4 p.m. Hazoor on hearing this, mentioned, that when he will take his customary walk, it is quite possible that he may perchance happen to turn up at the encampment and see them. But that he could not make this as a firm commitment and promise ^{*3}

At this moment I saw my chance to present my beloved Hazoor with the basket of fruit. Hazoor graciously accepted the present and then retired indoors.

FOOTNOTE:

*3 Hazoor was not given to any political activities and therefore did not wish to be constrained by any political considerations but purely by the Divine.

ENGLISH OFFICERS MEET HAZOOR

The day of the Dinner Party was extraordinary and a memorable one and etched into my memory forever. Not only the Ahmadis and Devotees of Hazoor had come from far and wide but a great number of Hazoor's foes had also come to see this event.

*The Langar Khana ^{*1} cooked the appropriate food and this was then taken to the encampment before the hour of four so that at precisely at the hour of four it could be put before the English guests.*

*All eyes were anticipating the appearance of The Promised Messiah's (PBUH) person, friend and foe alike. And one could gauge the anticipatory tension by the descending hush ^{*2} among the multitude that had gathered there. Even the English guests could not but feel this strange phenomenon.*

FOOTNOTES:

^{*1} Langar Khana is the name given to The Promised Messiah's kitchens from which meals were provided to all visitors, guests and the needy.

^{*2} Usually the crowds in the Indian sub-continent are boisterous, noisy and unruly but this silence was something neither seen nor heard of before.

Please note, that it was customary, for the English Officers, to have their own Chefs always accompany them on their tours of duty. On this occasion their Chefs had discreetly been approached by the Langar Khana staff, to obtain sufficient information, as to the peculiarities of the English palate.

At precisely the stroke of four, The Promised Messiah (PBUH) started out for his usual walk accompanied by his very many close companions. During the course of his walk, Hazoor suddenly made his way towards the encampment.

The English guests were immediately informed of Hazoor's imminent arrival. On hearing this all the English guests came out of their respective tents and made their way to the main gate of the encampment. This gate had been decorated with bunting and banners to welcome the English guests.

As soon as The Promised Messiah (PBUH) came within their sight, all the English guests removed their headgear and held it in their hands as a mark of respect. First of all, the Financial Commissioner Sahib stepped forward to greet Hazoor and warmly shook Hazoor by the hand and then he introduced all his companions to Hazoor.

*After these introductions were over, the Financial Commissioner Sahib affectionately put his arm around Hazoor's shoulder and carefully guided Hazoor to his own tent. Then he most graciously lifted the Chik, *³ so that Hazoor could enter his tent unhindered. Inside the tent he guided Hazoor to a chair so that Hazoor maybe seated in comfort.*

FOOTNOTE:

**³ A curtain made out of slithers of bamboo cane, which is designed to let in air but keeps the flies out, while giving respite from the harsh sunlight and the heat.*

Then all the English guests entered the tent and sat down. The entry to this tent was strictly controlled and only Khawaja Kemal-ud-Din Sahib, Maulvi Mohammad Ali Sahib and I think the third person was Mirza Sultan Ahmad Sahib, were invited in to the tent. I do remember these things perhaps on other details I can no longer be so certain.

What had transpired in the tent that day, I came to learn from my friend Erfani Sahib who was also an eyewitness to the proceedings. Erfani Sahib told me that Mr. King, the Deputy Commissioner for Gurdaspur District could not take his eyes away from the Blessed face of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) throughout the meeting. Meanwhile the Financial Commissioner Sahib had engaged The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) in conversation.

*Erfani Sahib went on to say, that this conversation, which mainly encompassed the issues concerning the Congress Party, Muslim League and a publication entitled 'Jihad' ^{*4}. Hazoor had expressed the opinion that these two political parties' agenda was the same: The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) detected the seeds of subversion and chaos in them both. Hazoor went on to say that Inshallah! The more the community I have raised progresses, the more the government will come to realize that my community is the chosen one and therefore the most loyal of all the subjects. The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) pronounced this thrice.*

Then as this meeting came to an end, the Financial Commissioner Sahib got up to bid farewell to Hazoor and then Hazoor took leave and left. This particular episode was then reported in the Al-Hakam newspaper.

FOOTNOTE: see on next page

FOOTNOTE:

*4 Here may I add, the fact that Hazoor had already pronounced on Jihad or Jihad that, the 'Jihad of the sword' will henceforth become 'Jihad of the pen', as the conditions and times of 'Jihad of the sword' had now passed and a new world and new conditions now prevailed. This had been revealed to Hazoor by God Almighty. This change, which the non-Ahmadi Muslims continue to this day to ignore and therefore they suffer from the ensuing consequences of their erroneous belief.

A LESSON REMEMBERED AND ALLAH'S BLESSINGS

The first child from my second marriage had died in his infancy. But I recall with pride that my wife, ZAEVIRAN Bibi, showed the very spirit she had witnessed at The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) house on the occasion of the demise of Hazoor's own son, Mirza Mubarak Ahmad, when she had visited Hadhrat Ummul-Momineen ^(RA).

When we came to suffer the loss of our beloved second child, Ahsanullah, at an early age, my wife and I both felt the loss deeply but again we showed perseverance and our gratitude to God almighty by not forgetting the prevalence of The Will of Allah in all things: thereby gaining great solace from this knowledge.

Allah Almighty in His infinite mercy and with the supplications made on our behalf by The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) we came eventually to be blessed with six healthy children: In all three sons and three daughters.

*My sons are Hadayitullah, Ataullah and Inayitullah ^{*1}. And my daughters are Hafiza Begum, Rashida Begum and Fehmida Begum.*

I would like to mention the fact that when my friend Sindhi Sahib's child also died, his wife showed the same fortitude which my own wife had shown earlier.

FOOTNOTE: ^{*1} All have now passed away one by one except my Uncle Inayitullah (May Allah grant him longevity. Ameen!).

HADHRAT KHALIFATUL MASIH AWAL ^(RA)

Soon after the passing away of The Promised Messiah and The Imam Mahdi ^(PBUH), Haji Ghulam Ahmad Sahib and I, presented ourselves to Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Awal ^(RA) and swore allegiance at the hands of Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA). Alhamdulillah!

During the course of these Baits (Oaths of Allegiance) a letter from some overseas country was handed over to Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA). The name of the country I cannot recall now. This letter Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA) proceeded to read aloud to the assembled gathering.

In this letter the writer went on to say that the Ahmadis in his country had come to learn the sad news of the passing away of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) through their newspapers. And that they were all ready to swear allegiance at your hand. During the life - time of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) we had become convinced that you are the 'Hadhrat Abu Bakr Siddique ^(RA)', of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH). And surely you would be appointed the Khalifa on Allah's command when the time came. Alhamdulillah!

On reading this Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA) said to the gathering "Do you think I asked these people to write such a letter and appoint me Khalifa. No! It is Allah's command that has appointed me Khalifa!"

On another occasion that comes to my mind was the day, when Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Awal ^(RA) was receiving all the people who had come to meet him in the courtyard of the Maderssa*1. There were a large number of people, who had assembled to meet and be blessed by Hazrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA). And after shaking hands, everyone was paying Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA) 'Nazrana'*2 and I, who was standing on the right hand side of Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA), noticed that

*Hazoor's blessed hand became full with the Nazrana offerings. Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA) catching sight of me asked me to spread the front of my Kurta *3 so that in the palm of my hands it could be used as a makeshift receptacle.*

*My Kurta was made from the most lightweight cotton. Then Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA) started to put the Nazrana monies in to my Johli *4.*

So much money found its way to my Johli, that I had to reinforce the Johli with my undergarment for fear of the Kurta material giving way under the weight of the money held. By the time I began to feel the strain of holding up the money, when Khalifa Awal ^(RA) approached me to bless me and made as if to depart. I followed Khalifa Awal ^(RA) and respectfully asked, "Hazoor what was I to do with the Nazrana". I was told to give it to Maulvi Mohammad Ali Sahib.

FOOTNOTE:

* 1 A sum of money presented by way of homage.

*2 A Muslim School.

*3 A traditional Indian shirt

*4 A receptacle made by spreading Kurta front on to the outspread palms of two hands. People did not carry bags with them at the time. Carrier bags had not been invented. This method was called 'making a Johli'.

In obedience to Khalifa Awal's ^(RA) instruction I went in search of Maulvi Sahib and eventually traced him to a room next to Masjid Mubarak. On finding Maulvi Sahib, I emptied the contents of my Johli on to the floor covering in front of Maulvi Sahib and added that Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA) had instructed me to deliver the Nazrana to Maulvi Sahib's safekeeping. I then asked Maulvi Sahib to count it but Maulvi Sahib said "Consider it already counted." And I then left.

*It came to my notice later on, that the breakaway Lahori Jamaat ^{*5} had alleged that (God forbid) Khalifa Awal ^(RA) was holding Durbar Nazranas ^{*6}*

Therefore I wrote a letter to Maulvi Mohammad Ali in which I reminded Maulvi Sahib of all I had witnessed and thereby utterly refuting these unfounded and malicious allegations against The Khalifa of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH).

No reply to my letter ever came. I think that maybe Khalifa Awal started to collect the Nazranas himself and he thus ensured that these offerings were strictly employed for the very purpose they were intended for by the Jamaat. Only Allah knows best!

FOOTNOTES:

**5 The Lahori Jamaat. Who opposed the institution of Khilafat*

**6 Here it is used in an insulting way by this Maulvi Sahib. The implication is (God Forbid!) that Hadhrat Khalifa Awal (RA) was holding Court for the purposes of collecting funds.*

THE DISTINGUISHED AND THE ORDINARY

I recall the day when I was in Qadian, I saw Khawaja Kemal-ud-Din Sahib bring with him, two distinguished guests from Lahore for an audience with The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH).

That day Hazoor was indisposed due to poor health and was not able to join in the congregational Maghrib prayers in Masjid Mubarik. So Khawaja Sahib sent in either a verbal or a written request for an audience with Hazoor. At the time Hazoor was lying down in bed in a room, which was located on the upper floor of the Masjid in a northerly direction.

My heart was suddenly overwhelmed with a desire to see the blessed person of my beloved Hazoor, so much so that I asked someone to please convey to Hazoor that I may also be permitted to gain an audience, especially as I was shortly expecting to leave Qadian and return home. Hazoor sent a message back that Rehmatullah is most welcome to come in: such love and devotion was showered by The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) on even lowly people such as me. Alhamdulillah!

*When I entered the room I found Hazoor lying down on the 'Charpai'*¹ as I bent down to shake Hazoor's blessed hand, I then noticed that the Tushak*², which was spread on the Charpai showed signs of wear, so that little bits of cotton were peeping out from a few places. Anyway when Khawaja Sahib had departed with his companions, I found myself alone with Hazoor.*

I felt so touched and honoured to be so close to my beloved Hazoor that it is difficult for me to describe my state of mind. And then it was time to obtain permission from Hazoor so that I could return

home though it was so very difficult for me to leave my beloved Hazoor and Qadian.

I was spiritually uplifted! Alhamdulillah!

FOOTNOTES:

*1 A Charpai is an Indian bedstead.

*2 A Tushak is similar to a duvet or quilt but can be put to many uses in India.

LOVE AND DEVOTION

After about a gap of two years, when I happened to be in Qadian and made my way to Masjid Mubarik, I noticed a Tushak hanging on the door of the Masjid. This sight immediately brought back memories of my earlier audience with Hazoor and in particular the 'Tushak', which Hazoor was using while lying in the room.

This recall of a momentous occasion became so imprinted on my mind, that I always made it my custom to sit near this very door every time I came in to Masjid Mubarik. I would spread my cloth near the door and every time The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) came to the Masjid and passed through the door, Hazoor invariably stepped on this cloth on his way to the inner sanctum of the Masjid.

*This particular cloth was treasured ^{*1} and always kept by me as it was blessed by The Promised Messiah's ^(PBUH) Footprints. Alhamdulillah!*

FOOTNOTE:

**1 Such was the devotion of these Ahmadi Heroes! My Heroes!*

THE PROMISED SON'S ARRIVAL IN BANGA

During the early period of Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Awal's Khilafat, I received a telegram informing me that Mian Sahib was coming to Banga. On hearing this wonderful news the Banga Jamaat was overjoyed to be so honoured and immediately started to make arrangements to welcome The Promised Son in the best possible way.*

On the expected day of arrival, I made up an advance party and went to await the arrival of The Promised Son about two or two and a half miles away from the town of Banga on the Generali Road in the direction of Phagwara. From Phagwara Station only a Yakka service was available to reach Banga, as the railway had not yet reached the town of Banga.

So it was thought, that as The Promised Son would come our way, the advance party would be there to greet him and would accompany him all the way in to the town. The advance party waited and waited till a period of about one or more hours had elapsed after the expected arrival timing of the train at the station, but it was to be all in vain.

A certain friend of mine by the name of Dr. Abdullah Khan Sahib, an Assistant Surgeon at the Banga Hospital, though he did not agree with the Ahmadiyya beliefs but never indulged in any open hostile activity on that score, came to learn of the vigil held at the Generali Road and my subsequent disappointment.

*He approached me and asked in a most sincere manner, that may he be permitted to offer his hospitality when Sahibzada Sahib*2 arrives in Banga. He went on to say to me that he would deem it a great honour and privilege if Sahibzada Sahib would grace his table for*

breakfast before proceeding further. His unrelenting insistence finally prevailed and I agreed.

However we found that Sahibzada Sahib had still not arrived. Everyone was on the look out and some men were even posted at the main Banga vehicle stop so that all traffic could be watched.

Finally the long wait was over.

At about the hour of nine that night, I suddenly caught sight of Sahibzada Sahib sitting in the Yakka of an Ahmadi friend, Chanan Yakawala, son of Mian Sher Mohammad Yakawala of Banga, and accompanied by Syed Mir Mohammad Eshaq Sahib arriving at the front door of my house, which was then adjacent to the Banga Courthouse building. This house contained my shop and our living quarters.

FOOTNOTES:

*1 Mian Sahib who was the Promised Son of The Promised Messiah (BUH) who was destined to become Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Sani.

*2 Sahibzada refers to Mian Sahib, The Promised Son

Please note that the sun sets very rapidly in the sub-continent of India unlike here in England. Therefore night descends as though light has been switched off. Just like an electric light is switched off.

In anticipation of the arrival, the shop floor had been decked out with a Daree*1 and the whole place was decorated with flowers and bunting. Sahibzada Sahib after greetings and handshakes came in and sat down. The whole of the town of Banga became excited as the news spread of the coming of The Promised Son of The Promised Messiah (PBUH) to an humble town like Banga.

Ahmadis from far and wide came and so did people of every denomination, race and creed. All came in droves to see 'The Promised Son'. While some with nobler souls came to seek blessing, but others chose to stay outside the door. However these people could not resist the temptation to look at The Blessed Son from afar and were lost in wonder.

And as soon as Dr. Abdullah heard the news, he immediately made his way to my house accompanied by two man-servants carrying an already prepared breakfast for Sahibzada Sahib. Then after greeting Hazoor, he sat down near Sahibzada Sahib and mentioned the vigil that was kept up for Hazoor's arrival the day before. At this Sahibzada Sahib explained that Haji Habib-ur-Rehman of Hajipur and the people of Phagwara had somehow learnt of his impending arrival.

He had on his arrival at the Phagwara Station found a vast crowd had gathered at the station to receive him. These people had implored him to honour them by going with them to Hajipur before proceeding to Banga. Under the circumstances I had no choice but to accede to their request: hence the delay in my reaching Banga. The Banga Town was never to see the likes of this day again—ever.

Sahibzada Sahib, Hadhrat Khalifa Sani, bestowed upon me not only a great honour but his blessings by taking his mid-day meal at my house.

FOOTNOTES:

*1 A traditional Indian floor covering

May I add here, that whenever my dear father gained an audience with Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Sani (RA), he took me with him, even during our 'Delhi' days. I remember clearly now, that Khalifa Sani (RA) always enquired of my father in the most affectionate terms about this and that relative of my father. It always puzzled me then, as to how come Khalifa Sani knew so much about us and about our relatives, whom even I did not know. It was a well known fact, that Khalifa Sani (RA) had been blessed with a prodigious memory as well intelligence which blessings were divinely inspired. My puzzlement has now been put to rest; as I have come to learn how close my Dadajan and Abbajan always kept to the institute of Khilafat and the beloved Khalifa of the time. And how deep was their love for The Promised Messiah (PBUH) and The Promised Son. Alhamdulillah!

There was such a flood of invitations for Sahibzada Sahib, to grace this and that family with his presence or this or that town with his Blessed Person, that I came to be consulted about these invitations. After careful scrutiny I would humbly make a suggestion and Sahibzada Sahib would graciously agree and arrangements were then made for the visit.

As a direct consequence of this, Sahibzada Sahib could only stay for a total of two nights in our humble abode. Sahibzada Sahib had been invited to pay a visit to Kath Gadh in the district of Gurdaspur and had to leave Banga and returned via Karyam from Lagharia after meeting briefly all the people and reached Banga at about four in the evening.

AN APPEAL

Next morning Sahibzada Sahib came and graced my table with his presence at breakfast time. After the breakfast was over, Sahibzada Sahib said a prayer of thanks and blessings for me. Alhamdulillah!

Then my Bhabi Sahiba (my Brother's wife) had an audience with Sahibzada Sahib and mentioned that she had a daughter who had been spoken for and would be marrying Rehmatullah's son, Ismail. As she herself was now a widow, she would be greatly honoured if Sahibzada Sahib would kindly agree to act as her daughter's 'Vali' during the Nikah ceremony.

Therefore it was in Hazoor's hand as to when and where the Nikah ceremony would be performed.

*The outcome of this appeal to Hazoor, was that during the Jalsa Salana, one day in Masjid Mubarik, Sahibzada Sahib requested Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA) to perform the Nikah *¹.*

Some time later Sahibzada Mirza Bashir Ahmad Sahib came to Banga from Jullunder Cantonment to visit Rahon, Karyam and Khajon. How I wished that Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Sani had also come. Such was the love I nursed in my breast for the progeny of The Promised Messiah (PBUH).

FOOTNOTE:*1 And so that Ismail's Nikah came to be performed by Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Awal (RA), who had earlier, performed my Dadajan's Nikah. Alhamdulillah!

A MEETING WITH HADHRAT KHALIFATUL MASIH SANI

During the time of Khilafat-i-Sania (The Second Caliphate) all the presidents and the secretaries of the whole of the Ahmadiyya Jamaat in British India were summoned to Qadian, so that each office holder could be introduced to Hazoor. As I took my place among the people in the queue, waiting to be ushered in to be introduced to Hazoor, I noticed that Erfani Sahib was conducting the introductions. Each and every President or Secretary would utter his name while shaking Hazoor's hand and then move forward.

When my turn came I advanced and while shaking Hazoor's hand said my name was Rehmatullah of Banga. At this Hazoor smiled and said to me, "Do you think I don't know you! By now I think the railway must have reached Banga Town! When I went to Banga it was in a Tonga!" Erfani Sahib mentioned to Hazoor that Rehmatullah Sahib adds the words Ahmadi 'Sabzifarosh'; whereas, The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) had addressed him as Rehmatullah 'Baghanwala'. On hearing this, Hazoor said "it is a very honourable and blessed Title, as it had issued from the blessed mouth of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH). Please henceforth you must use this form when you write your name."

I was pleasantly surprised at this, as I always was a very humble person by nature; prior to this in the Book entitled 'Haqqa-tul-Wahi' ^{*1}, which The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) had written was my name as Rehmatullah Sabzifarosh Ahmadi. It is all due to Allah's blessings and mercies, which in the shape of a divine gift, manifests itself in so many ways that the human recipient's mind is surely bewildered at times!

Finally my dear Dadajan requests Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Sani, Hadhrat Sahibzada Syed Mirza Bashir Ahmad and Mirza Sharif Ahmad and Hadhrat Ummul-Momineen ^(RA) to remember him in their prayers

*and offer a special prayer to The Creator of the Heavens and the Earth,
The Lord of The Day of Judgement, to grant him a befitting leave from
this world when his time cometh. Ameen!*

*And after I have departed this world to meet my Maker,
whenever my Ahmadi friends come to read this my poorly constructed
testament, their prayers are also requested for me and for my family,
particularly my progeny that may Allah bless them and may they be
among the righteous, pious and serve the community.*

*May Allah safeguard them against all evil! My sons,
Hadayitullah and Ataullah, who passed their matriculation examination
in the first division and have gone to Delhi to search for employment;
May Allah bless them with employment and grant them spiritual and
worldly enhancement. AMEEN!*

Then my Dadajan ends by signing his name:

Rehmatullah Baghanwala Ahmadi

President Jamaat Ahmadiyya Banga

Distt. Jullunder-

Written in my own hand on 7/07/1938

FOOTNOTE:

^{*1} The Truth of Prophecy

Please note that on my checking the entry in the book I found no trace of the word
'Sabzifarosh'

THE FAMILY

DADAJAN'S PROGENY

My Dadajan's eldest son was my dear father, Hadayitullah Bangvi, who was the second child. Who rose through the ranks of the civil service and retired as the Second Secretary at the Pakistan High Commission in London. All this he achieved, despite suffering discrimination barring his further promotion at the hands of opponents of the Ahmadiyya Jamaat.

He served the Jamaat in many capacities as and when required of him. From being the Quaid of Khuddam-ul-Ahmadiyya Delhi to being appointed the first Officer Jalsa Salana UK by Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih the Fourth ^(REH), Hadhrat Mirza Tahir Ahmad Sahib (May Allah be especially pleased with him).

The first-born child of my Dadajan was my Phupheejan, Hafiza Begum, wife of Faiz Alam Changvi Sahib. Faiz Alam Changvi Sahib had joined the Police force in the pre-partition Bengal during the British Raj. After the partition, he joined the Pakistan Civil Service in 1947. On his retirement, he devoted his whole life to serving the cause of Ahmadiyyat with passion. He was considered and recognized as a true poet. Hashim Saeed is one of his sons.

The second child was my father, Hadayitullah Bangvi Sahib.

The third child was my Phupheejan, Rashida Begum, wife of Raja Hukum Dad of Changa Bangial. Raja Hukum Dad Sahib was a devout Ahmadi, who joined the British Indian Navy at a young age and rose from the ranks to a respected position in Pakistan Navy. On coming to the Pakistan Navy, he became the senior most Chief Petty Officer and

many of the now senior naval officers, among them some who were to become very senior officers came to be trained by him.

The fourth child was my Uncle, Ataullah, married to Tahira Begum, daughter of Mian Akbar Ali. And my uncle found later on that his unique circumstances forced him, very reluctantly on his part, to take a second wife. She is Mumtaz Begum, daughter of Maulvi Abdul Ghafoor Sahib of Qadian. My aunty, who is fondly known as 'Appi', on being widowed, later emigrated to join her daughter, Imrana, in Australia. My uncle was a devout Ahmadi, who rose through the ranks of the civil service and became the founding father of The Institute of Chartered Accountants of Pakistan in Karachi. He was an intellectual and a deep thinker.

The fifth child was my Phupheejan, Fehmida Begum, wife of Mushtaq Ahmad Sahib. He was a devout Ahmadi and was in the civil service. He was a quiet person, who had a love of books especially and with especial interest in world literature. He also owned some land in Changa Bangial

The sixth child is my Uncle, Inayitullah, married to Amina Begum, daughter of Late Hadhrat Maulvi Qudratullah Sanori Sahib, who was a companion of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH). My youngest uncle was my special friend. Though my uncle was a late starter, but through sheer persistence and hard work, he became the Esso Oil Company's Marketing Manager for the whole of Pakistan, both East and West. He is a devout Ahmadi and by the grace and favour of Allah is the sole survivor of the six siblings. His progeny is spread from Australia to North America. He was my childhood friend.

Earlier, my Dadajan and my Dadijan had lost their first two children, who were in their infancy, and then Allah had blessed them

with six healthy children. My father was born on the 18th December 1917 in Banga, during the First Great War.

The reason, for bringing up the name of my father, at this juncture, is that my father and my Dadajan's hearts beat in unison. My father seemed to be a reflection of my Dadajan, and therefore their lives became intertwined in many ways; and thus my life was greatly touched by both, though unfortunately not to the same degree as my father's was touched by Dadajan.

My Dadajan had sacrificed his all for his children. How easy life would have been if he had, but decided to get his sons to join him in his business especially later on in his life. His failing health would not then have had any repercussions on the business, which could then have been run by his sons. Ahmadiyyat brought to my Dadajan's notice, the fact that education was far better than mere wealth. Consequently he sacrificed his own comfort and wealth for the education of his children.

After having read my Dadajan's letters, I was to learn the extent of his love and sacrifice for his sons. At the time of reading these letters my eyes became misty with emotion and many a sigh escaped my lips. A man who was a wealthy businessman even through deteriorating health and advancing age persisted with the education: spiritual education as well as the temporal education of his sons and his daughters.

Not once, did my Dadajan give in to temptation and seek the assistance of his three sons to help him with his business. Which help would have eased the considerable burden on his shoulders. Then times changed and income started to dry up, due to his inability to attend to his business. Then a day was to dawn, when he found, that he could not

afford to buy even tea, which he liked to drink, particularly in the harsh winter months of the Punjab.

Times were now hard, but he was ever fearful of betraying his self in the eyes of Allah, by thinking of any word or act of ingratitude for Allah's mercies and bounties till his dying day. He was ever watchful of always showing his gratitude through affluent and lean times. He ensured that his sons and daughters never forgot to show Allah their gratitude, but impressed upon them to be more vigilant in especially, expressing gratitude in lean times.

By the grace and favour of Allah, The Almighty, my Dadajan's progeny and the progeny of progeny is now spread all over the world. The sons and daughters of Dadajan now have their children living in Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Germany, France, England, The Irish Republic, Canada, USA and Australia. The Ahmadiyya Community has now spread all over the world. And another prophecy vouched safe to The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) comes to mind and this is: "*Mein Teri tabligh ko Duniya kay kinaron tak puhchaon ga*" In English- "I shall cause thy message to reach the corners of the world"

How magnificently this prophecy is being fulfilled by MTA International and by the Ahmadis living all over the world. Alhamdulillah!

It is late, but not too late, for me to appreciate, why my dear father loved my Dadajan to such a degree. How my own father came to learn the value of money and the importance of self-discipline. How he came to be the servant of Ahmadiyyat. From whom did he learn so many qualities and how his heart went out to the humble and the poor, his generosity and compassionate spirit, simplicity and moderation:

These were all the qualities inherited from his father: LIKE FATHER
LIKE SON.

A child notices many things, but may choose to keep quiet: as I was inclined to be rather boisterous and very inquisitive child, the thing I noticed, as soon as I was old enough, to form my own opinions, was the great difference between my dear father and his siblings.

My father was highly motivated. If I may say so, he was so full of life that, his voice reverberated and perhaps the walls too, when he entered the house. All at once the area around our house would come very much alive with movement, hustle and bustle of life. He would attend to all things and chores that needed doing with alacrity and enthusiasm. He would greet every friend, acquaintance and stranger he happened to encounter. People would shout "Hadayit! Hadayit!" And he would shout back an equally warm greeting. He seemed to breathe life into life! Everywhere and everyone simply loved him! Unfortunately, he could never find enough time to stay in Banga as his job in Delhi would soon call him back. I could not then understand, why he always found it so hard, to part from his beloved father that, tears would flow from his eyes, despite his attempts to hide his feelings. How could parting be such sweet sorrow: to a child parting is such sweet 'sweetness'. A child would anticipate all the new things, new faces and new places, new sights, new smells, new tastes and new playmates with impatience and pure joy, which awaited him, just on the other side of parting.

My dear uncle Ataullah was so very different. He was a quiet man. He seemed to me a most serious man, who was always occupied with unraveling some deep mystery of life: a thinker in the family. He was much closer to his mother than was my father. He was so obsessed with order and logic that I tended to steer well clear of him.

A child is naturally attracted to some disorder: we are all destined to be enslaved by 'order' in our adulthood. Chaos appealed to me as it causes much excitement and merriment. My best friend was my youngest uncle Inayitullah, who was so full of fun and adventure and in this respect we were so alike. Whenever he would come to Banga, he would cause a lot of excitement and would always buy me presents and take me with him everywhere. It seemed strange to me then, that, he was the only one, who treated me as an adult and therefore his equal. He would sweep in like the 'whirlwind' and would suddenly sweep out. He now does it all so much better traversing continents! May Allah bless him!

My aunties were all the same, but in a different way. The eldest was my aunty Hafiza, who was a typical 'teacher-type' and I had to take care where, when and how I 'behaved'. She was divinely gifted in the art of demolition- of all my excuses. Naturally she had her own way of loving me but not exactly the way I fancied. Then there was my aunty Fehmida, the youngest, who was always smartly turned out. She was fond of beautiful things and would make nice things for the home. She was always smiling and fun to be with. My loveliest aunt was Rashida, whom we rarely saw as she was mostly away. She was the most loving and kind. She had a simple and kind nature and loved kids and especially me. She showed a great deal of affection and tenderness towards my father and me. Alas such times and such loving people are now rarer to find.

So these are some of my 'childhood impressions', which had lain dormant for so many years. These memories are the treasure which I have been hoarding all my life: now it seems to me, that all my near and dear ones except my uncle Inayitullah, have 'Gone with the wind'. How fortunate I am! Oh my Allah! You have blessed me in so many ways, that I am not able to adequately express my gratitude!

SOME RECOLLECTIONS HADHRAT MASIH MAUD'S BLESSINGS

It is now time, that a mention be made of my Dadajan's standing in the town of Banga.

Sometime after his conversion to Ahmadiyyat, by the grace of Allah, my Dadajan came to be appointed the Secretary and then the President of the Anjuman Ahmadiyya Banga. His great love for and with the blessings of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH), his business prospered. The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) called him 'Baghanwala.' As a result his prudent and honest way of business dealings in vegetables and fruit took a new direction for the better. He started to buy orchards and the fruit therein on contract. Allah showered his blessings on him beyond anyone's expectations. He became a prominent member of the Banga community. Eventually he was elected Chairman of the Banga Municipal Corporation.

His zeal to serve the community now increased manifold from not only helping the aged, the infirm, the widows, the orphans and the forsaken, to setting up a school, from his own pocket, for the girls who lacked schooling and many other projects. My Phupheejan, Hafeeza, was the Headmistress of the school.

My Dadajan was also known as the 'Peacemaker'. In fact he came to helping, ever greater number of people, no matter what their caste, creed, race or religion. His humble and pious nature endeared him to the people. This can be gauged by what was witnessed by my mother, Sughra Begum (may Allah be pleased with her), on the occasion of the passing away of my Dadajan, Zaeviran Bibi (May Allah be pleased with her) in Karachi on the 15th November 1960, and the events that ensued after this monumental loss.

My dear mother related to me, that after the burial in November 1960, of my dear Dadijan in the Baheshti Muqbara, Rabwah, Pakistan. My father took the whole family (except me, as I was still in England) on a tour of India, which he had not seen since before the Partition in 1947, in order to take his mind off this tragic loss. This trip served the purpose of visiting his beloved father, who had been buried in Baheshti Muqbara in Qadian.

He naturally visited beloved Qadian and also his beloved Banga. However, when he came to Banga and had to pass through the Bazaar, people had suddenly begun to gather and shout, "Look! Maulvi Sahib's Son is here!" Many people embraced my father and tears ran unashamedly down their cheeks while my dear father's cheeks had become wet and his chest had heaved with deep emotion.

How they remembered my dear Dadajan! Needless to mention here, that these people were mainly Sikhs or Hindus. This surprised even my dear mother, as not long ago British India had come to be partitioned into India and Pakistan and unfortunately there had sprung up some enmity between the political leaders of the two countries and this had percolated down to some of the ordinary people in both the countries.

My dear Dadajan was well educated for his time and was fond of reading and collecting books, especially the books that dealt with religious and spiritual matters. I had the pleasure of seeing his library.

One day I asked him to show me one of his books. A book was selected at random and handed to me. And when I opened it, I still remember how beautifully hand-written it was, a wonderful example of calligraphy is hard to find these days except in museums. Though the

contents and their significance eluded me due to my tender years at the time but the beauty of the book was not lost to me altogether.

All the books of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) had a place of honour on his bookshelf. Most of the books were rare and some even unique and were lost during the turmoil, that ensued after the partition of British India into India and Pakistan in August 1947. My father came to deeply regret the loss of this priceless treasure.

Being a literate man, my dear Dadajan carried out an extensive exchange of letters with The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH), Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA) and Hadhrat Khalifa Sani ^(RA). Qadian and his very many friends and acquaintances both Ahmadi and non-Ahmadi as well as people of other faiths in the course of his life.

Now only the letters to his dearest son, my father, Hadayitullah Bangvi, survive and were most carefully filed in an album by my father. At times he would show these letters to us and to his closest friends and tears would well up in his eyes. The depth and extent of his love for his dear father cannot be imagined by today's standards and habit, if I can call it that, and I am sure that it will be most difficult to find such natural and expressive display nowadays.

Some time ago, this album containing my Dadajan's letters was shown to me by my youngest sister, Mrs. Sadka Miles. Fortunately, I had a most interesting insight into my Dadajan's relationship with my father. These letters were mostly addressed to my father at his Delhi addresses, where he had gone after his marriage to my mother, Sughra Begum of Ludhiana, to search for employment.

Each of these letters, I found was composed of very beautifully executed Urdu script and full of a very profound love, prayers, gratitude to Allah The Compassionate, The Ever Merciful and such pearls of

wisdom pregnant with useful suggestions and advice. All the advice was tabulated in order of priority. Only a man of learning and great wisdom and a pious nature could compose such letters, leaves no doubt in my mind.

Though in the latter part of his life when ill health and failing vision made it difficult for him to write beautifully, he continued to write as best as he could.

The household shopping was usually done by my Dadajan, as it was not the custom for womenfolk to wander around the Bazaars for this purpose at the prevailing times.

SPECIAL RELATIONSHIPS

MY DADAJAN AND ME

Whenever I happened to be in Banga, my Dadajan used to take me with him on his shopping expeditions. I still remember these special occasions with a great fondness. How I used to hold the index finger of his right hand for guidance and reassurance.

My best memory is of seeing my Dadajan purchasing 'Boondi' (a sort of tiny dumplings in yoghurt). This Boondi was usually dispensed in a special dried leaf, rolled up in to a cone shape called 'Doona'. For me he would always buy the other type the 'Coloured Boondi', which was made of multi-coloured dumplings, which had been dipped in melted or liquid sugar. He may have made other purchases but I can only remember what I loved best. Boondi was the last purchase made before our return home.

My Dadajan had a penchant for having the Boondi with his meal, while I had mine after the meal as a sort of desert. All the while, during our shopping forays, my Dadajan was used to returning peoples' greetings everywhere as we progressed through the Bazaar.

Another thing, I remember, is the fact, that my Dadijan used to put the garlic segments whole in her cooking and not sliced or even ground into paste as my dear mother use to do. This particular way of using garlic in cooking, I came to dislike. Another dish my Dadijan was fond of cooking consisted of 'Karella' (a bitter Indian Squash), a large pod like bitter green vegetable, with a dimpled outer surface with the inner core gouged out to make room for the mincemeat stuffing. Then a thread was wound around the outer surface so that the stuffing did not spill out during cooking. Most certainly I took a liking to the stuffing

but not the vegetable matter, which was bitter. So I soon mastered the skill of craftily un-wrapping the pod and extracting the meat and slyly throwing the vegetable behind me so my Dadijan could not see me.

Only later on would she ask how the vegetable sans the stuffing came to be on the floor. She never really found out though she may have harboured her suspicions, but she never took me to task over this misdemeanour. Maybe the use of garlic and the Karella were liked by Dadajan. Strange to me was the fact that I had neither witnessed any complaint nor any altercation between my Dadajan and Dadijan ever.

It seems to me now that my Dadajan never ever interfered with Dadijan's work or management of the household. May Allah reward them both most handsomely!

My Nanijan, Janat Bibi, wife of Rehmatullah (may Allah be pleased be with them both), lived in Ludhiana, Punjab. She had become so excited and delighted by my birth at my Khala Hashmat Bibi's house in Ludhiana, that she immediately gave me the name Nasir Ahmad.

My Dadajan was given news of my birth and my name. However, he thought it only right that a letter be sent to Hadhrat Khalifa Sani ^(RA) with a request that a name be chosen for me by Hazoor. This is the way devout Ahmadis honoured and gained blessings from the Khalifa of their time. The name, Samiullah was chosen for me.

As Dadajan was a sensitive and a considerate person, he very kindly added Nasir to Samiullah and therefore my name became Samiullah Nasir. This way, not only had he satisfied himself, by his considerate behaviour but He had also delighted my Nanijan. Everyone started to become very fond of me as I grew up. I was my Dadajan and my Nanijan's favourite (due not to any effort on my part).

My Nanijan, Janat Bibi of Ludhiana, (May Allah reward her for her generosity of heart and spirit) was the most loving and generous person. She was a very kindly person and had given me a new tri-cycle, when I was a little toddler, among the so many other things she gave me.

My tri-cycle was kept in Banga and when I was old enough, it was brought out for me to ride by my Dadajan up to the first floor of my Dadajan's house. Where there was an open area called veranda. I still remember sitting on my bike and pedaling furiously being young and full of beans.

All the while, my Dadajan, who was not well at this time in his life, used to follow me closely, fearing lest I fall and hurt myself. He was like the good shepherd who watches over his flock by day and by night. Poor Dadajan found it rather tiring but I was so young that I did not appreciate this and wanted to go on and on. How selfish the young can be sometimes, I shudder to think now!

How can I ever forget, the day my Dadajan took me to a Blacksmithy, which was managed by two partners called Khairdin and Eshaq Sahib. Who were ferriers by trade and connected to my Dadajan in some mysterious way. Perhaps they were distant relatives. I could not have been more three years of age at the time. I was absolutely fascinated by the furnace and the hammer beating the glowing metal upon the anvil, till the metal was gradually given shape and a horseshoe appeared in front of my eyes.

Then the horse's leg was lifted up by the use of a leather strap so that the old and worn horseshoe could be removed. After that the hoof was cleaned of grit and a rasp used to file the hoof, so that the new

horseshoe could sit snugly on the hoof. Finally the specially made nails were used to secure the horseshoe.

A test then followed when the horse was walked around while these experts eyed their handiwork for any fault. I made a few visits to these friends and soon gained their affection with my baby talk.

I recall one particular foray I made out of the town with my Dadajan, to a large field beside a body of water, maybe a meandering tributary of one of the rivers that embraced the Banga District. We went into this field, which had been planted with a bushy creeper-like crop. On a closer inspection I was delighted to find there were melons poking out of the foliage. Except these were not melons because these were more elliptical in shape with a brighter yellowish hue and had pure white flesh inside.

It was explained to me that these were the 'Phutainn', a variety of melon, totally devoid of fructose and peculiar to the Banga District. I have now come to realize, that maybe this fruit would have been ideal for sufferers of diabetes. I for my part being blessed with a sweet tooth could not bear to eat 'Phutainn' without first applying a coating of sugar to it.

The thing that sticks in my mind is not the sight of Banga Town but its one peculiar sound. This sound was the constant 'Puk Puk', emanating from the direction of the many corn-milling houses. These little mills usually housed a diesel engine, which produced this strange sound in the quiet of the suburbs. These mills were usually located by water pools, where there were herds of water buffaloes lying in the pools chewing the cud, in a most wise and contented way. This sound, which I had thought unique to Banga, was to assail my ears years later, on a car-journey from Wah Cantt. to Islamabad in Pakistan. It brought

memories of Banga flooding back to me. Only then it was explained to me by Malik Mohammad Afzal Sahib of Wah Cantt now of Islamabad. Apparently, a disc baffle mounted on the long upward thrusting exhaust pipe of the diesel engine produced this peculiar sound. Every time the pressure built up in the exhaust pipe it forced the disc to swing up and as the pressure escaped the disc fell back to momentarily close the pipe. It was this rapid opening and closing which set up resonances resulting in the 'Puk Puk' sound. An endearing sound to a child's years indeed!

This sound together with the sight of 'Phutainn brings back memories of my Dadajan and Banga to me even during my advancing years. There is a Punjabi proverb 'Phutainn Khao' meaning "Lump it or like it!! Or something similar"

My father's sister, my Phupheejan, Hafiza Begum, the first-born, was married to Faiz Alam Changvi Sahib from my Dadijan's small town called Changa Bangial, about seven miles from Gujjar Khan, now in Pakistan. My Phupheejan's first born was a boy, who came to be named Mohammad Aslam. Once or twice or even more times, I am no longer sure of this, we happened to be in Banga at the same time and my Dadajan had his hands full of trouble on our account.

DADAJAN- NANA JAN

One day my loving Dadajan took Aslam and me to the Bazaar. Which decision, he later came to regret if that is the right word, and he certainly was not familiar with regrets. As I was closer to my Dadajan, I quickly laid claim to his right hand, Aslam, my cousin, had to make do with the left hand. He was a year older and a whole lot cleverer than me. I took exception to his taking liberties with my Dadajan especially by pulling my Dadajan's arm. I was pretty annoyed at this sudden turn of events and told him to let go of 'MY' Dadajan's hand.

He turned around and said No! He is My" NANA JAN!" No! He is My "DADAJAN!" Let go! You let go! This harassment of Dada/Nana was kept up throughout the trip without any one of us giving in. It became a point of honour for us both. My poor Dadajan was in a state when he got back home with us in tow. He said to my Dadijan "these two have tired me out with their on-going quarrels."

After a lapse of roughly 60 years, I find some memories still remain crystal clear, while so much else has now begun to fade. Just like in an old photograph, when the photograph loses its 'fixer' (the chemical preservative), first at the edges of the image then time slowly gnaws and eats away the whole image, till only blemishes remain and the image disappears altogether. Therefore, I make this effort before it is too late and all is lost.

MY DADI JAN

My Dadijan, Grandmother, Zaeviran Bibi (May Allah reward her manifold), daughter of Hadhrat Khawaja Karam Dad Khan, The Royal Hakim to the Maharajah of Kashmir, was an extraordinary woman.

She was born in a small town called Changa Bangial, about seven miles from Gujar Khan (near Islamabad now in Pakistan). She was married at the tender age of 15 years of age. Her father was a companion of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) and therefore he was a pious person and brought up all his children according to the teachings of Ahmadiyyat.

Her outstanding quality was patience and patience. May God bless her! She was of a short stature and slim build. She was never ever heard to complain or show ingratitude to Allah. Her complexion was fair and she was softly spoken by nature.

She never ever indulged in idle chatter or gossip and would only speak when spoken to. Her standard of personal and general hygiene would put many a modern woman to shame. She strictly observed her Namaz and the recitation of the Holy Quran till the very end.

I would like to draw your kind attention to the fact, that the following are typical traits found among the Rajpoots, even to this day: a Rajpoot's station in life may not be high but a Rajpoot's house is always clean and very tidy. A joy to behold! Dadijan rarely got irritated and would call me a 'Billygoat' only when my misbehavior got totally out of hand. Even then she had not a frown creasing her lovely face but

a somewhat bemused expression. A serene face went with her pious nature

And when she stayed with us in Karachi, I noticed she had a small metal suitcase, which was always locked. As I had just returned from England, and with so much foreign influence that had changed me forever; I unthinkingly teased her about her suitcase, by saying what treasures must be in her suitcase.

To my utter shameful behavior, she one day invited me to look as she opened her suitcase for my inspection. To my surprise this suitcase contained a few of her simple white clothes and not much else. How cruel it was of me to forget all. I, who had neither remembered my heritage nor acquired England's good manners nor respect for my elders at such a time, in my life...

Maybe my boisterous behaviour was due to the natural exuberance of my youth, which many an English schoolboy will offer as an excuse. I pray she will forgive me for this rude trespass.

As far as her cooking went, my Dadijan's culinary skills, though I must confess it, were not exactly tuned to my taste. I had been so thoroughly spoiled by my Nanijan, Janat Bibi, of Ludhiana that my palate became very discerning and difficult to please.

Now after a great deal of thought and study, I begin to understand, how my own dear father's character came to be moulded and developed. Parents do exercise a great deal of influence on the future of their children, when they become and are recognized as the ideal model by the young. Mashallah! My Dadajan and Dadijan imparted so many qualities to my father's future character development

that he turned out to be an obedient son and was therefore blessed in many ways.

All this happened due to the blessings of The Promised Messiah (PBUH) and the grace and favour of The Beneficence, The ever Merciful, Allah.

MY NIGHTMARES

There was a neighbour of Dadajan in Banga, called Malawi, a Hindu lady, whose house was situated at the left hand side of our cul-de-sac, as we entered the gulley (a narrow passage way) in order to reach my Dadajan's house, which was at the very end. Dadajan's house could be seen from the 'T' junction giving us access to the town.

There was a very high wall running all along the back of our house, which sealed off the Hindu merchant's house from our house and the cul-de-sac. This high wall running along the rear was so fascinating to my young mind. I noticed the bricks of this wall were very different from all the other walls I had seen. These bricks were most beautifully made and had maybe a third of the height of normal bricks. Their very high finish gave them a distinct and attractive appearance.

Apparently, this lady, Malawi, seemed to take a liking to me and would entice me with sweet tidbits to go into her house. Unbeknown to me she had a sinister motive in befriending me. All I can remember is that after my visits, I began to suffer the most horrific nightmares, resulting sometime in my running high fevers without any physical reasons. Later on my dear mother came to realize that my plight was due to some strange going-ons calm would at the Malawi's house.

On such occasions, my Dadajan would immediately resort to say 'Dum' (a special prayer to ward off the 'evil-eye' and black magic). When Dadajan recited and blew his breath over me, soon I would feel drowsy, as a divine peace would sweep away any disturbing influence affecting me. Alhamdulillah! However this lady somehow always managed to entice me.... Tidbits!!!

Sometimes, Malawi would most affectionately clip my fingernails and at other times a few strands of hair from my head; once even one of my sandals was taken and kept by her. My mother would always quiz me about what had gone on while I was with this lady in her house. My Dadijan, whenever she used to be informed, she would burn some red chilies in the hearth, while reciting a special prayer; this was to ward off the 'evil eye': widely practiced in the Indian Sub-continent at the time.

My Dadajan would say his special prayers over me when I was in bed trying to sleep every night.

Only much later, my dear mother explained to me, what had been going on and the reasons behind these sinister events and it affected me. Malawi, a married woman, a Hindu, who was unable to beget any children of her own, this failure, at the time was considered a stigma and a blot on the name of her family.

Apparently she had consulted someone who practiced magic. She was told to find a first-born male child and to put certain magic spells on this child, as this would result in her begetting a child of her own. Whenever my mother brought me to Banga for a visit, it was the perfect opportunity for Malawi to use me for her magic spells. By the grace of Allah, my Dadajan's prayers nullified the effect of all her magic spells.

THE HAUNTED GRAVEYARD

The Hindus are by nature a very superstitious people and much given to astrology and magical spells and potions. This is true even in the case of present day educated classes. You may not be aware that Pakistan had gained independence on 14th August 1947 while Pandit Nehru, the great Indian Leader, the first Prime Minister of India, had to delay Independence until just after the midnight of 14th August i.e. 15th August 1947 as the astrologers had predicted the delay would be more auspicious for the Indians' independence.

It seems incredible thing today but Salman Rushdie's Book 'Midnight's Children' evokes the predicted hour. My dear mother once related to me how my Dadajan was confronted by magic. I shall detail this particular incident as follows:

One day, my Dadajan had to go out of town to attend to some business. In the Indian sub-continent and especially in those days (sometimes even now), time was not considered to be that important. People in the Punjab who were primarily farmers gauged the duration of the day from the Sun and the Moon.

The time was usually gauged from the seasons of the year. Everyone got up well before the dawn and took advantage of the cool temperature to carry out many tasks. And as soon as the shadows became elongated the farmer's day was done. In no time at all the Sun seems to be swallowed up by the night and the dark descended and enveloped everything. And the seasons dictated when was the right time for the planting of crops and the harvesting of crops. Life revolved around the crops.

And on this particular day my Dadajan, who had gone out of the town on some business, was unexpectedly delayed. By the time he started back to Banga on foot, he noticed patches of cloud scudding across the sky and the dark of the night rapidly descended upon the landscape. Darkness descends like theatre curtain in London.

So he made haste. In his haste to reach home, he decided to take a short cut through a graveyard. This graveyard was widely known as the Haunted Graveyard. There were a number of huge old Peepul and Banyan trees dotting this graveyard giving it an air of mystery...

As was his habit, my Dadajan walked into this graveyard with his eyes down all the while saying his prayers. It was, when he was nearing the middle of this graveyard, that he heard the most bloodcurdling of screams. He froze. Then for an instant he faltered. Then re-doubling his prayers he slowly resumed his walk. The screams became more and more fearful.

Though an uncontrollable fear did momentarily seize him, he had an unshakable faith in the power of prayer and carried on walking till he had reached the source of the screams. In the dim light he saw a shadow perched on a tree by the path. He shouted "Who - are You?" At this the screams suddenly grew more piercing. He again shouted "Who are you and wherefrom are You?" at this, the screams suddenly stopped.

A shadow perched on the tree moved. And my Dadajan could just make out that it was a woman. This ghostly apparition appeared to be naked with long hair shielding her nakedness.

My Dadajan coaxed from her the following facts. That she was a Hindu woman, who having failed to beget a child, had been advised by a Magician to sit naked on a tree for forty nights, unseen by human

eyes. On hearing her sorry tale my Dadajan advised her to get down from the tree and go home.

He advised her to henceforth pray to The Creator of the Heavens and the Earth, instead of listening to the Magicians who have not the gift to give. Alhamdulillah!

THE LAST DAYS

When I was about three years of age, my Dadajan's health started to deteriorate and everyone became concerned especially my father. My father was then employed by the British Indian Railway Department at the time in Delhi and took full advantage by paying my Dadajan very many visits to look after him.

However times were hard and he could not spend any length of time in Banga at his Father's side for fear of losing his job, especially as he found himself to be the only breadwinner in the family at that time.

The more my Dadajan needed my father at his side, the more difficult it became for my father to spend any length of time at the side of my Dadajan. As my Dadajan's ill-health took hold he would yearn for my father.

As he lay in bed unable to move, on hearing footsteps he would suddenly lift up his head and would ask "Is it my Hadayit! Who's come?" My father on his part would have my Dadajan in his thoughts and in his heart and suffered and prayed. How life plays unexpected tricks in unexpected ways with the most unexpected results!

My mother told me that during the last days of my Dadajan, he had told them of a dream he had had.

In this dream my Dadajan saw four white stallions approaching. When they came near, he saw three personages mounted on these stallions. And when they came still closer, he noticed, that on one of the stallions was mounted the Holy Prophet, Hadhrat Muhammad sallallahu alehe wasallum, on the second was mounted The Promised Messiah, Hadhrat Masih Maud, Mirza Ghulam Ahmad ^(PBUH) and on the third

was mounted Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih Awal, Hakim Noor udin Azam Sahib ^(RA) and the fourth was riderless.

Then Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA) addressed me, said, "We have come to fetch You!", and gestured towards the fourth stallion. Thus my Dadajan had a divine sign foretelling him that his time had now come.

In the last stages of his illness, he would sometime address some entity visible only to him. He would say "Come, come! You have come to see me, to meet me, to fetch me!" At one time in his delirium he addressed his sister, Assia in a similar manner.

On the day of Juma (i.e. Friday), on the 5th December 1941 at 9.45p.m., my dear Dadajan departed this world to meet His Maker. Inna lillahe wa inna alehe Rajagoon!

He was then about 80 years of age. It is worth mentioning here that one of the blessings of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) was the longevity granted by Allah, The Almighty, to his Companions.

Next day no matter where I looked, I could not find my Dadajan. And no one could really explain to me, where he had gone and when he would return. Everywhere a hush had descended and my little world usually so boisterous and noisy was eaten up by this new phenomenon.

MY LOSS

Nobody paid any attention to me or paid any heed to my obvious discomfort. For the first time in my life, I was so bewildered and felt so forlorn, as only a child can feel. And I knew that as soon as my Dadajan came back everything would be all right again.

All this devastation in my little world had such a profound effect upon me, that I became withdrawn and wanted nothing to do with this alien world thrust upon me. No more eating, talking and the daily routine for me. I just sat on the stairs waiting for one, who was never going to come back into my life, ever again: my Dadajan.

There were at times springing up feelings of guilt in my heart. Had I offended my Dadajan with my chattering and pranks! Surely my Dadajan was the most forgiving of human beings! My young mind was thus occupied for the rest of the day. Why the whispers and sad faces!

Finally the day gave in to the night. There was a considerable and unusual activity in our home. By the nightfall there were huge numbers of visitors to the house and many were making their way straight to the school, which adjoined the house.

Then I noticed a very bright light emanating from the school. This was highly unusual. When my mother who was carrying my young sister, Naseem, went with me to the school, there I found a great number of people already seated on either side of a large table covered by a white cloth. I could not but look for the source of this bright light and found it. It was a paraffin-fired lamp with its white glowing mantle giving out this bright light.

How strange for me to find that such a large gathering with hardly a murmur, so unusual a thing in Indian society. All eyes were concentrated towards the white clad table. On this table was placed the coffin of my dear Dadajan.

Then I was lifted up by my dear mother, so that I could pay my respects to my dearest Dadajan for the last time. Some people were going around this table to pay their respects to my dear departed Dadajan. These people were not only Muslims but also a good cross-section of the Banga community. It was my first taste of sadness in this world. At the time I could not comprehend what Life was... let alone Death!

My Dadajan departed this world to meet His Maker, and his mortal remains were taken to Qadian for burial in the Baheshti Muqbara on the 7th December 1941. His date of Bait is recorded as 5th April 1901. His Wassiyat No. 439 is dated 28th December 1910. In Baheshti Muqbara in Qita No.8, Row No.11 his last resting place is in grave No.2. May Allah look upon him with special favour. Ameen!

HADHRAT HAKIM KHAWAJA KARAM DAD KHAN SAHIB IN KARACHI

How strange life is! Events that come to reside in the deep recesses of one's memory condemned to lie buried forever, are unexpectedly found to suddenly come to life and re-emerge and are then given voice.

And so I have found myself to be compelled to reach within myself and give voice to my meeting with Hadhrat Khawaja Karam Dad Khan, my Dadajan's Father-in-Law, and a companion of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH). Hadhrat Hakim Noor udin Azam Sahib ^(ra), who later was to become Hadhrat Khalifa Awal ^(RA), was at one time the appointed Royal Hakim to the Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir State. And on his decision to leave that post, so as to be at the side of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH), Hadhrat Khawaja Karam Dad Khan then became the Royal Hakim to the Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir State.

My meeting with Hadhrat Khawaja Karam Dad Khan Sahib happened after my family had migrated from Delhi to Karachi, in the newly founded state of Pakistan in August 1947.

My father had found accommodation in Quarter No.2 Barrack No.56 in Jacob Lines, opposite the Parsi Colony on the Bundar Road now renamed Jinnah Road, Karachi. My Phuppajan, Faiz Alam Chungvi Sahib, was allocated Quarter No.4 in the same Barracks. My Uncle Ataullah was allotted Quarter no.9 in the same Barrack. This area is now called Jacob Lines Complex and all traces of the army barracks have now virtually disappeared.

Sometime later on, a tall distinguished looking gentleman came to reside with my Phuppajan. I remember that he was extraordinarily

tall in stature and his staff, which he sometimes used while walking was of gigantic proportions. He had a full head of hair, a set of his own teeth and did not wear any eyeglasses. Many people used to visit him with their ailments, for which he prescribed herbal remedies.

He used to become agitated when the 'Daily JANG' newspaper was delivered in the morning. He would ask that would someone read to him all the news concerning Kashmir. At the time there was considerable unrest and struggle by Muslims to gain independence from the Indian dominance and union with Pakistan. He would listen to this news most attentively.

From him I came to learn that he was from Kashmir and that all his family members had been slaughtered in front of his eyes and only he was able to flee with his life and reach the safety of Pakistan. I was then about nine or ten years of age and could not appreciate the gravity of his predicament.

Hadhrat Khawaja Sahib had been blessed with an extraordinary gift of diagnosing the past and present state of health of the patient by sliding his fingers on the wrist to feel out the pulse.

Being a boy and being of a childish selfishness, all I wanted to do was to quickly get my hands on this newspaper and read the Tarzan Serial told in illustrated comic strips (with Urdu translation replacing the original English in the dialogue 'Bubbles'), that appeared in the paper on a daily basis.

How I now regret that I should have looked after him and obtained more information about The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) from him. Alas! It has dawned upon me at this late stage in my life, what a

great man I had seen and how I had failed to realize his greatness at the time. I know that my Phuppijan always addressed him as "NANAJAN".

Later on during one of my brief sojourns in Pakistan, I came to learn that Hadhrat Khawaja Karam Dad Khan Sahib had passed away at the age of one hundred and ten years of age. Inna lillahe wa Inna alehe Rajaoon!

HADHRAT MAULVI QAMAR-UD-DIN SAHIB IN LONDON

Perchance I had the pleasure of meeting Hadhrat Maulvi Qamar-Ud-Din Sahib, a Companion of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) and the father of Safia Hayat Sahiba, who is the mother of Rafique Hayat Sahib, the current Amir-e-Jamaat Ahmadiyya UK in 1973.

This meeting took place at Bashir Hayat Sahib's (Late) home, where Hadhrat Maulvi Sahib came to visit his relatives. That day I happen to call at the house and fortunately I was introduced to Hadhrat Maulvi Sahib. On learning of my antecedents, Hadhrat Maulvi Sahib mentioned the fact that he had met my Dadajan in Banga a long, long time ago.

He related to me how The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) had entrusted him with a special mission. He was asked to go to Banga and then in the company of my Dadajan to proceed to a nearby hamlet, as my Dadajan was familiar with the area.

They were to go and meet members of two Ahmadi families there, who had for some reason, had reached an impasse over a domestic matter and Hazoor instructed Hadhrat Maulvi Sahib to listen to them and restore amity between the estranged parties. Hadhrat Maulvi Sahib fondly recalled the whole episode and was delighted to meet me and I was even more delighted to meet him. How fortunate of me to hear about my Dadajan from a Companion of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) and that in England. May Allah Bless Hadhrat Maulvi Sahib and our Amir Sahib!

SOME BLESSED GIFTS

My dear uncle Inayitullah Bangvi Sahib, the youngest son of Dadajan is, by the grace and favour of Allah, still active and manages to traverse continents in the course of visiting his sons and daughters who are now spread from Australia, Pakistan, England, Canada and the U.S.A. Alhamdulillah!

It was after an interval of some two or three years that we managed to meet each other on Sunday, the sixteenth of January 2005. While we were reminiscing about the old days, a most interesting piece of information was given to me.

My Dadajan had a God given gift for curing and alleviating severe back problem associated with slipped disc. The symptoms appear to be a back acutely bent so the person can neither stand nor lie down flat. A more excruciating state of affair is hard to imagine. I am informed that people use to come from far and wide to seek treatment from my Dadajan.

I once saw my Father who had learnt it from his own Father, my Dadajan, once carry out this very treatment, which bore immediate results to my utter amazement.

My Dadajan had also taken to planting the 'Karella', the bitter vegetable, out of season. The results were astounding as he obtained out of season crop yield which enabled him to market his vegetable to areas outside Banga. This variety of 'Karella' became to be called 'Maulvi Karella'. This was due to people calling my Dadajan 'Maulvi Sahib'. In other words, this particular out of season vegetable became associated with his name- a mark of respect.

A MOST TREASURED RELIC

A most unexpected thing happened to me while I was visiting the city of Karachi in Pakistan. I went to pay my respects to my dearest Phupheejan, Hafeeza, who is the mother of my cousin, Hashim Saeed Chungvi. I had not seen her for some time.

Though she was suffering from poor health, she greeted me most lovingly and made me feel at home. She had seen me grow up with her own son, Mohammad Aslam. We started to reminisce about the good old days, back in the days of the British Raj in India. Her family had settled in Simla, a mountain resort in the foothills of the Himalayan range in northern India, which was the summer capital of the British Indian Government at the time.

Suddenly she asked someone to fetch the tin. A seemingly empty round biscuit tin was then placed in her hand. I was somewhat puzzled at the appearance of the tin, which she lovingly held in her hands. Then she began to relate to me the history and the significance of the tin,

Apparently the tin held a blessed relic of The Promised Messiah (PBUH). Then she very gently handed me the tin. While I was opening this tin she told me that the shirt kept in the tin was the very shirt The Promised Messiah (PBUH) had sent to my Dadajan.

On holding the shirt up to see more clearly I noticed it was made of very fine extremely light weight white material, a sort of fine gauze-like cotton most suited for wear in the terrible summer heat of the Punjab. It was a beautiful traditional shirt probably hand stitched with fine white thread.

Naturally I buried my face in this blessed garment as I well remember the prophesy, in Urdu, of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH):

"BADSHAH TERAY KAPRON SEY BARKAT DHOONDEY GEY"
The English translation is:

"KINGS SHALL SEEK BLESSINGS FROM THY GARMENTS"

When I enquired as to how it came in to her possession. I was surprised to learn from her that according to the custom at the time, when a recipient of any relic of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) departed to meet his or her Maker, such relics were buried with the deceased. And when her dear father, my Dadajan, was going to be buried, she begged for this relic to be spared. She reasoned that, eventually nothing will be left for the future generations to venerate and treasure, if it was not rescued.

Her pleadings bore fruit and this particular relic was spared and was handed to her. She had treasured it all her life. She also added that as she was now over eighty years of age and growing frail and her time was approaching, she had decided to pass on this holy relic to her dear son, Hashim Saeed, who had followed his father's love and devotion to the cause of Ahmadiyyat.

How fortunate and timely that, I was thus favoured by my dear Phupheejan. Alas! Soon after my return to England the news of my dear Phupheejan's demise reached me.

My Phupheejan was a teacher par excellence, an exceptional person who devoted her life to inculcating the love of Ahmadiyyat in all

those around her, strangers as well as near and dear ones. . May Allah
reward her most favourably. Ameen!

PREAMBLE

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS

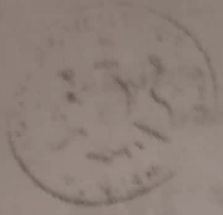
A very limited, selection of documents is here presented. These documents are of some historical interest and importance as they are instruments of one aspect of Ahmadiyya Tabligh activity indulged in by my Dadajan during the first four decades of the twentieth century.

The random method chosen by me in the selection and presentation of these documents was dictated by my desire to avoid any semblance of discriminating one letter writer from another based on their rank in the British Indian Civil Service or standing in society.

These documents have not aged well due to the degradable nature of all organic matter. The loving care taken by my father fell far short of the required specialist knowledge of the curator of the British Museum Library.

The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) was vouched safe by Allah, The Almighty, the divine revelation: "I shall cause thy message to reach every corner of the world". My Dadajan took a small step when others like our missionaries such as Nazir Ahmad Ali Sahib in West Africa, Karam Illahi Zafar Sahib in Spain, Maulvi Muhammad Din Sahib in Albania, took giant steps, to name just three from an endless list of others in a magnificent fulfilment of the divine promise.

We are witnesses to the inauguration by Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih IV ^(REH) of our TV channel, MTA International broadcasting twenty-four hours a day in many languages. What a truly astounding and successful mission, which Dadajan's progeny lived to see. Alhamdulillah!



D.O.No.3035/1095-SPG-40/4810-S
PUNJAB CIVIL SECRETARIAT, SIMLA
Dated the 12th August 1940.

Dear Sir,

With reference to your letter dated the
1st June 1940, addressed to His Excellency the
Viceroy, I am desirous to thank you for the prayers
offered for victory in the present war.

Yours truly,

M. Rahmat Ullah Baghanwala Ahmadi,
President, Anjuman-e-Ahmadya,
Banga, District Jullundur.

B.A.

Vv



GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
DARJEELING.

23rd May 1934.

Dear Sir,

With reference to your letter,
dated 14th May, 1934, I am desired
by His Excellency to ask you to
convey to the members of the
Anjuman-i-Ahmadia, Banga, his
grateful thanks for the kind
message of congratulation on his
providential escape.

Yours faithfully,

The General Secretary,

Anjuman-i-Ahmadia,

Banga, Dist. Jullunder, Punjab.

17, Lawrence Road,
Lahore.

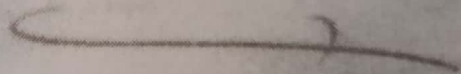
29 OCT 1930

My dear Ch. Rahmat Ullah

Many thanks for your kind con-
gratulations.

Yours sincerely

Zigla Noor



Government House, Lahore :

The 19th November 1918.

Sir,

HIS HONOUR THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR desires me to acknowledge receipt of your message of congratulations on the Great Victory which the Allies have obtained over Germany, as implied in her acceptance of the Armistice, and to express his appreciation of the terms in which you have conveyed your devotion to the cause of the King-Emperor.

Yours faithfully,

E. Bayly

LIEUT.-COL,

Private Secretary.

*The Secretary
Anglian Akhbar
Bangalore.*



VICEREGAL LODGE,
SIMLA.

1st May 1931.

Dear Sir,

His Excellency desires me to thank you warmly for your very kind message of welcome which he deeply appreciates.

Yours faithfully
R. H. P.

No. 126-17
1

From

The Postmaster-General,
Punjab and N.W.F. Circle.

To

The Secretary
Arjun Singh Ahmadi
Banga

Dated Lahore, the 7 September 1915

Sir,

With reference to your letter ^{telegram dated 27th August} ~~to the address of the Director General of Posts & Telegraphs~~
I have the honour to inform you that, subject to

revision when the actual cost is known, an annual
guarantee of Rs 229/- for a period of ten years, would
be required for the construction of a telegraph line
to and the opening of an office at Radian

The total estimated annual cost, including
interest and depreciation on Capital, of establishing and
working an office at Radian amounts to Rs 458/- but,
in accordance with the orders contained in Government of
India, Department of Commerce and Industry letter No.
3874-3881-116 dated the 3rd of June 1909, to all local
Governments and administrations, only half this amount
is required to be guaranteed.

3 The guarantor will have to make good the
difference between the guarantee required (i.e. half the
estimated annual cost referred to above) and half the
Indian Government share of the receipts, i.e. receipts
on all Inland Telegrams and the Indian share of foreign
telegrams booked at Radian For example, if the
Indian Government share of messages booked at Radian
amounts to Rs 300/- in any one ~~year~~ financial year
and if the required guarantee is Rs 500/- per annum

the guarantor would be called upon to pay Rs 50/-
 (the required guarantee) less Rs 150/- (half the Indian
 Government share of the receipts) or Rs 350/-

4. It will be seen from the preceding paragraph
 that the Department bears the risk of half the loss on
 working a guaranteed office. In the event of one-half the
 Indian Government share of the receipts on account of
 messages booked at a guaranteed office exceeding the
 amount guaranteed i.e. one half of the total estimated
 annual cost in any one year, such excess will be set
 off against any deficiency in a subsequent year before
 ascertaining the amount the guarantor will have to pay
 For example, if the estimated annual cost of an office
 is Rs 1000/- and the Indian Government share of the
 receipts for say three years is Rs 600/- Rs 1400/-,
 and Rs 400/-, respectively, the amounts payable by the
 guarantor are as follows:---

1st year $\frac{1000}{2} - \frac{600}{2}$ Rs 100/-

2nd year $\frac{1000}{2} - \frac{1400}{2}$ No recovery but the
 Surplus of Rs 200/- will
 remain at credit of the
 guarantor to be sent off
 against any deficit in
 subsequent years.

3rd year $\frac{1000}{2} - \frac{400}{2} - 200 = Rs 100$

5. If *you* ~~agree~~ ^{agree} to the terms mentioned above ~~they should obtain as is usual in such cases~~ the acceptance of the Local Government to the financial responsibility for the guarantee ^{by} ~~Guarantee~~ provincial a copy of the guarantee being furnished to him and on receipt of a communication from you reporting that this ~~has been done accompanied by a copy of the~~ Government ~~letter arrangements will be made for opening the~~ Combined Office. and if the guarantee required can be arranged for a telegraph office will be opened at Adham when construction works are resumed on the termination of the War

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Chun

For Postmaster-General, Traffic
Punjab and N.W.F. Circle.

R.R.

REPRODUCTION OF LETTER
Postmaster-General, Punjab and N.W.F.Circle
On pages 134-136

From The Postmaster-General
Punjab and N.W.F. Circle

To The Secretary
Anjuman Ahmadia
Banga

Dated: Lahore the 9th September 1915

Sir,
With reference to your telegram dated 27th August 15 to the address of the Director General of Posts and Telegraphs.

I have the honour to inform you that, subject to revision when actual cost is known, an annual guarantee of Rs.229/- for a period of ten years, would be required for the construction of a telegraph line to and the opening of an office at Qadian amounts to Rs. 458/- but, in accordance with orders contained in Government of India, Department of Commerce and Industry letter no. 3874-3881-116 dated the 3rd of June 1909, all local Governments and Administrations, only half of this amount is required to be guaranteed.

3. The Guarantor will have to make good the difference between the guarantee required (i.e. half the estimated annual cost of the receipts, i.e. receipts on all Inland Telegrams and the Indian share of foreign telegrams booked at Qadian. For example, if the Indian Government share of message booked at Qadian amounts to Rs. 300/-

in any one financial year and if required guarantee is Rs. 500/- per annum.

The guarantor would be called upon to pay Rs. 500/- (required guarantee) less Rs. 15/- (half the Indian Government share of receipts)

4. It will be seen from the preceding paragraph that the Department bears the risk of half the loss on working a guaranteed office. In the event of one-half of the Indian government share of the receipts on account of messages booked at a guaranteed office exceeding the amount guaranteed i.e. one half of the total estimated annual cost in any one year, such excess will be set off against any deficiency in a subsequent year before ascertaining the amount the guarantor will have to pay.

For example, if the estimated cost of an office is Rs. 1000/- and the Indian government share of the receipts for say three years is Rs. 800/- Rs. 1400/- and Rs. 400/-, respectively, the amounts payable by the guarantor are as follows:

1 st Year	$\frac{1000 - 800}{2}$	Rs. 100
2 nd Year	$\frac{1000 - 1400}{2}$	
3 rd Year	$\frac{1000 - 400 - 200}{2}$	Rs. 100

No recovery but the surplus of Rs.200/- will remain at credit of the Guarantor to be sent off against any deficit in subsequent years.

5. If you agree to the terms mentioned above and if the guarantee required can be arranged for a telegraph office will be opened at Qadian when construction works are resumed on the termination of the war.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant.

Signed.

For Postmaster-General, Traffic

Punjab and N.W.F. Circle

R.R.

کتاب فی الفقه و الشریعہ

نشی رحمت الہیہ احمدی ماسری اکھنن محمد بن عبد

ایچی دیوورک مورد $22\frac{3}{2}$ دیوورک ریسے رجمت احمدیہ بعد
 سنا بڑا تال نہیں کا۔ رنجی شب سیت فی شش ہوتا۔
 احمدیہ رجمت ی ذمہ داران سپرک تامل فکس ریٹ۔ $1\frac{4}{22}$

R. M. S. L. S. L.
H. C.

4th C.

Dezate

TRANSLATION DOCUMENT
DATED 1/04/1922
On page 140

To

Munshi Rehmatullah Ahmadi
Secretary
Anjuman Ahmadiyya, Banga,

Your report of 22nd March 1922 notifying us that Jamaat Ahmadiyya of Banga did not take part in the strike, was a source of great pleasure to us.

We commend The Ahmadiyya Jamaat on the show of their spirit of loyalty.

Signed.

R.B.

Deputy Commissioner

Jullunder

1/04/1922

PREAMBLE

PRIVATE LETTERS

*OUR MEMORIES SHALL FEED YOUR DREAMS OF A RECOMMENCE
OF NEW JOYS, HOPES, NEW INNOCENCE, WITH OUR LOVE AGAIN*

Nasir Bangvi 4/07/2004

The following Urdu letters written by my Dadajan are here presented with their English translations; so that readers may truly savour the times and appreciate the intricate workings of a benevolent, patriarchal, Ahmadi Muslim family of the times.

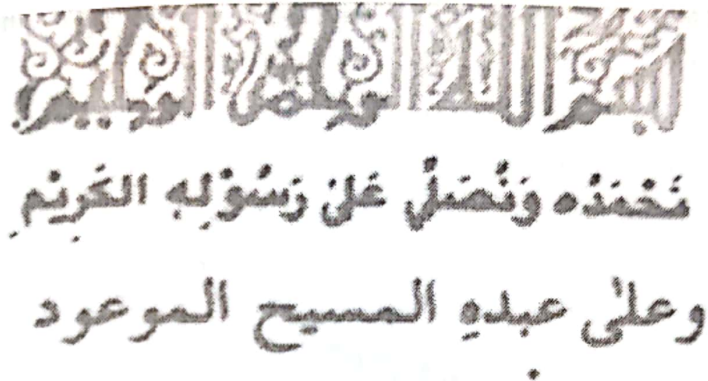
The less formal language used in these letters presents a rare window, through which we may glimpse in to the social, domestic, emotive and spiritual issues of the times as experienced by my Dadajan and his family.

Kindly note, that it is beyond my capability, to extract a true understanding of the Urdu language contained in the letters. But as these letters contain the inner feelings, concerns and the perceptions of my Dadajan; therefore it is my intention to only convey something of my Dadajan's love for my father, his family and the Ahmadiyya Community in general in my translations.

The computer scans posed a different challenge, which limited my choice of letters to only those letters, which had been written on paper having adequate opacity and grammage, suited to good scanning and good image reproductions. These were the times in British India, when good quality writing paper was not generally available or if available at all, then at prohibitive costs.

DADAJAN'S PRIVATE LETTERS AND TRANSLATIONS

N.B. MY DADAJAN ALWAYS BEGAN EACH ONE OF HIS
URDU LETTERS WITH THE FOLLOWING ARABIC TEXT:



WHICH HAS BEEN TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH AS:

In the name of Allah, Most Gracious, Ever Merciful
(usually: at the top centre of the first page of letter)

We praise Him and invoke His blessings on His Holy Prophet
(usually: at the top right- hand corner)

And on His Servant, The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH)
(usually: at the top left-hand corner)

DUE TO CONVENIENCE I HAVE NOT INCLUDED THE ABOVE IN
FULL IN MY ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE LETTERS.
English Translation by Khalilur Rehman Mullick

LETTER DATED 14/04/1938

On pages 147-148

In the name of Allah.....

From: Rehmatullah Baghanwala Ahmadi

*Congratulations on the birth
Of Samiullah Nasir*

My Beloved and Dearest Sons, Hadayitullah and Ataullah,

Assalama Alaikum...

Received your letter and the 4 Rupees you sent me. Alhamdulilah! I hope you met Syed Azizullah Shah Sahib, who had come from Lahore to visit Qadian. I have requested him to help you both with finding employment. Then mention is made of some other people who were similarly approached. What is to happen will happen as Allah wills! My Allah, Who is Lord of all things, is Beneficent and Most Merciful, He will in his Wisdom, bestow his untold favours upon you my Sons. When will this (difficult) time pass? When Allah wills it! Please do not ever lose hope or worry.

If you are in need of money then do let me know and I will arrange something. Please go and meet Mr. Moazzam Judge Sahib, and when you do, request him to arrange for you to be given some papers from his department so that you may practice using the typewriter...

Then on the next page the letter continues and mention is made of some documents required by my father and the delay caused by having to obtain required signatures. (Son) Do continue praying regularly so that your difficulties are eased by the Grace and Favour of Allah! Be

mindful of regularity in namaz, recitation of The Holy Quran, study of the books of The Promised Messiah and not forgetting active participation in Tabligh. Do all of this love and devotion. Also undertake to write and seek blessing and prayers from the Elders of the Jamaat. Do not suffer undue hardship but rely on Allah's grace and favour. May Allah safeguard you!

On my part I am in a constant state of supplication to Allah for your spiritual and temporal progress. Allah is Most Loving and Most Merciful. It is through the blessings of The Promised Messiah that I pin all my faith in the future. Ameen! Summa Ameen!

Then mention is made of the fact that he was supposed to go on some duty but could not do so due to ill health resulting in feeling of general weakness. Please pray for my fitting departure from this world when my time comes! My uncle Inayatullah has passed his exam. We are all naturally delighted. Your mother and sisters are by the grace of Allah are well..... Signed.

LETTER DATED 1/02/1937

On page 151

In the name of Allah... ..

From: Rehmatullah Baghanwala Ahmadi

My Dearest Son, Hadayitullah,

Assalama Alaikum...

I have received your letter and the sum of one rupee you sent me. Ahmadulillah! Summa Alhamdulillah! My dearest one! I find great difficulty in writing and that is why I had not written you earlier. By the grace and favour of Allah, I have not had a recurrence of my health breaking down since a period of last two months. However I am still troubled by surfeit of phlegm due to the persistence of the after effects of influenza, which has further weakened me, though I am now somewhat improved in general health yet I am still unable to walk.

Whenever I receive a letter from you my spirits are uplifted; during my reading of your letter my eyes become brimful and tears begin to course down my cheeks. Allah only knows how I prostrate myself in prayers and always remember especially you and dear Hafeeza Bibi (my Phupheejan), her dear baby son Muhammad Aslam (my cousin), dear Faiz Alam (my Phuphajan), my dear little children, including your so patient mother in all my daily prayers.

Do tell me what type of work you do in the company (where my father worked), and also keep me informed of the outcome of any exams you may undertake. Do keep on praying for the success of dear Ataullah in his exams. Chaudhry Sahib is always pleased, when reading your letters.

My Allah! Please make my children true followers of Islam and may they serve you and Ahmadiyyat. Ameen! From time to time you must undertake Tabligh and be observant in keeping your daily namaz and offer them in a most proper manner.

Yesterday I received dear Faiz Alam's letter and learnt they are all by the grace and favour of Allah, quite well. I am enclosing with this letter a letter from Chaudhry Sahib which is addressed to Haji Naseerul Haq Sahib. Please first read this letter yourself, before putting it in another envelope and personally handing it to Haji Sahib. Inshallah I shall write more next time.

No letter has come from Ludhiana. Please ask Babu Sahib (my Khalujan) to convey my regards to all when he next visits Ludhiana. I send my regards to Babu Sahib. Please also show Chaudhry Sahib's letter to Babu Sahib. Please pray for my honourable and just end in this world. Do not worry. I'll try to walk home. There is not much else. May Allah safeguard you! I have already spoken to Chaudhry Sahib and you must meet him.

*On the reverse side of the sheet the following is hastily scribbled:
My father is addressed in the most endearing of terms.... Your departure and then the distance now between us I find to be almost unbearably painful. By the grace and favour of Allah I love you (like "son/father-one soul"- perhaps!) I shall try to rein in my emotions. Please keep on praying and seek help from Allah! Signed*

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم - تحفه وفضلى على رسول الله الكريم
و على عبده الخبيج المذعور وبارك وسلم
الحمد لله - الحمد لله - الحمد لله
مبارك - مبارك - مبارك

دائماً کس طرح تیرا کروں اے فدائیں شکر و سپاس
وہ زبانِ دانا طوفانِ قوت و لافِ عجز و غرور
نورِ خجستان - عطا اللہ - غایتِ سعادت و کامیابی
عزیزی حضور اکرم و عزیزی نسیم اختر سید الدار محمد

اگر ہم عیسویوں کے دوسرے دین پرستوں کی طرح خطہ - ایک خطہ - پر ہر خوشی و مسرت و شادی و نکاح کا
 رول لیتا ہوں جو غریب و غنی ہر قسم کے نیچے سے لیکر ایک ایک اپنی مبارک و
 کہ ایک غریب علی اللہ اس دفتر میں - 60 روپیہ یہ تحفہ تالیف کا لگا ہے
 شکریہ جو کہ دیکھ رہے ہیں جالی پری اور اپنی ذالہ صاحبہ کو رول کی برکت لائی
 مبارک یہ مبارک کہ خدا اس کے اندر تالیف کو بخشے لیکن - ہمشیرہ آسی کہ اپنی خوشی و مسرت
 شکر ہے خدا یا شکر ہے خدا یا جو توفیق یہ دین و کلمہ یا -

وینی و دنیاوی ترقیات پر ترقیات محض اپنے فضل و کرم سے عطا فرما
 خدمت دین کی سب سے بڑی ترقی عطا فرما۔ آمین ثم آمین
 عزیز غناست کی اصلاح ہے جو ہرگز اس کے لئے دعائیں ضروری ہیں
 اور اوقات سے اپنی دعائیں فرماتے رہیں کہ وہ دنیا و آخرت کے کاموں

ص ۱۵۵
 میر غازی جبریل سب حضرت مسیح موعود و مخلصہ العبدۃ و العبد
 کا طفیل و حضرت امیر المومنین الی و عاقل کے طفیل سے ورنہ ہوا کہ
 عاجز و گنہگار و نادان کی طرف سے نہ ہوگا نہ لڑائی و عائن میں نہ ہوگا نہ
 خیر و برکت و کرم و کرم سے اس عاجز و نادان کی پس فرمایا و منی ہوگی
 میرا قادر خدا کیے فضل و کرم سے بڑی بڑی ترقیات علیٰ نرانیہ
 الممکن و فرزند۔ آپ ہی حضرت امیر المومنین کی خدمت مبارک میں
 مبارکبادی گمانیز اور دعاؤں کا خط ضرور تو رہا رہی۔ غزنی کی تنخواہ پر
 تحریک جدید کے حیدر و ان ہر باخیر و پیہ سال اضافہ کے ساتھ تظاہر
 فارم پر کر کے بھیجواؤں نیز نام کے ساتھ یہ عاجز لاپستہ تحریر کیا کہ
 اور میں ہی ان شاء اللہ اچھے جواب دے رہا ہوں نہ کہ یہ کہہ دوں
 بخیر تالی ان فرما رہے ہیں خدا تعالیٰ نے اچھے اچھے کرتے عطا فرمایا
 ان شاء اللہ اور منکر و دلانے مال کمزوری ضرور پرستی جاتی ہے جس
 و عائن کرتے رہ کر۔ عاجز کے خاتمہ باخیر کیے ضرور دعا کیا کرو
 وہی غزنی فیض عالم و غزنی حقیقہ الی۔ رشتہ الی۔ جس طرح و ریاضی
 و غزنی نفرت جہان جنگا میں چاہتے ہیں۔ فرزند آخر اچھے ہے
 راضی خوش ہے علیہ السلام سے روز چھ گئے۔ خوش ہے لڑو گئے
 ایل انکس فطانت گاتا۔ راجہ علی ببادر دو ماہ کی چٹی گرا تا ہے
 تبارک و اللہ صاحبہ کر حقیقہ الی نے ماہ فروری کے اخیر میں اگر سب

LETTER DATED 25/01/1941

On pages 154-156

In the name of Allah...

~~Alhamdulillah-----Alhamdulillah-----Alhamdulillah~~
All praise be to Allah, All praise be to Allah .all praise be to Allah.

Oh Allah! How Shall I express my gratitude to you! Where Shall I search! There are no words for my intellect to choose from, by which I would feel adequate or befitting to offer by way of expressing the extent of my gratitude and my joy to Allah!

My dear Hadayitullah, Ataullah, Inayitullah, Samiullah Nasir, Sughra Begum, and dear Nasim Akhtar,

Assalama Alaikum....

*I received your letter. It prompted such joy in me that while I taking my meal, there was a shout from Hameeda Bibi which reached me upstairs and I heard "Abbaji Mubarik! Your dear Ataullah has found employment in an office at a starting salary of 60 rupees per month! On hearing this auspicious news my appetite was forgotten. Your mother even forgot the roti (traditional Indian unleavened bread) which was baking on the hot Tawa *1 plate. The sound of Mubarak (congratulations) reverberated and even some sound of clapping assailed my ears. Sister Asi (Dadajan's sister) in an expression of her joy repeated "Thank You Allah! Thank You Allah for letting me witness this joyous day!" over and over again.*

May Allah grant you success by His grace and favour! And may all you brothers be blessed by Allah with progress in the spiritual and the

worldly affairs! May all of you serve the faith with zeal! Ameen! Summa Ameen!

Kindly inform me of Inayatullah's progress. Please you yourselves must pray for him also seek out others and request them to pray for him.

My dear ones, all these blessings come as a result of the prayers and blessings of The Promised Messiah (PBUH), as well as through the prayers said by Hadhrat Amirul Momineen (Hadhrat Khalifa Sani). As you are well aware that I am not merely a humble ignorant person but a sinner at that, who in his daily namaz dares ^{*2} to beseech Allah in my prayers to help you in your trials and tribulations. My Allah will show you his mercy and grant you progress. Ameen! I impress upon you the import of these words of mine!

I urge you, as I have already done, to write to Hadhrat Amirul Momineen and convey the good news and at the same time seeking Hazoor's prayers and blessings. Please arrange for Ataullah to pledge from his wage a sum of five rupees Tahrike Jadid ^{*3} Chanda, the amount of Chanda contribution must be incremental in line with his future yearly level of pay. Kindly complete the relevant form and post but do include my address. I shall on receipt of your next letter write you about our domestic affairs.

By the grace and favour of Allah, I have been enjoying good health for some time now. The 'Qursudan' ^{*4} has benefited my health and I must get some more. But my general weakness goes on increasing. Please do continue to pray for me and for my honourable and just end.

My dear Faiz Alam (Changvi-my Phuphajan), dear Hafeeza Bibi ^{*5} (His wife-my Phupheejan), Rasheeda Bibi (my Phupheejan), Muhammad

Aslam (now styled 'Raja' - my cousin and son of Faiz Alam Sahib) and Riaz (first born of my Phuphajan Raja Hukum Dad,

This cousin of mine died in early youth), Nusrat Jehan (daughter of Faiz Alam) have all arrived (safely) in Changa Bangial while Farkhanda Akhtar (Faiz Alam's Sahib's eldest daughter, who is married to Chaudhry Muhammad Aslam of Lahore, the son of my Dadajan's son, Muhammad Ismail, a companion of The Promised Messiah, from his first wife- She died before Dadajan had accepted Ahmadiyyat) is here with us. All the aforementioned relatives had left in good spirits the day after the Eid day as I had already written back to them only yesterday.

*Raja Ali Bahadur *⁶ has come to spend his two month leave with us. Your sister, Hafeeza Bibi had asked if it is at all possible for you mother to join her in Changa Bangial. However you should persist with your prayers (special private prayers).*

Please do not mete out any physical punishment to dear Samiullah Nasir. And as for dear Nasim Akhtar, Sughra Begum, dear Inayitullah and dear Ataullah give them all your mother's and mine love by affectionately planting a kiss on each of their cheeks. May Allah make you all pious and true servants of the Faith. Ameen! Summa Ameen! What else is now left to write you.

I have yet to pay one rupee Chanda Akhbar (subscription for Al-Hakam or possibly Al-Fazle Ahmadiyya newspapers) and Chanda Jalsa (Salana).

Please convey my salaams to Sheikh Ghulam Hussain Sahib, Muhammad Aslam Sahib, Mistri Karam Din Sahib and all other members of the jamaat (Delhi). May my Mola (Allah) be with

*you! Ameen! Summa Ameen! Seeker of you prayers. Signed
Rehmatullah Baghanwala Ahmadi, Banga.*

FOOTNOTES:

*1 Tawa- A cast-iron disc concave or convex placed over a hot charcoal fired brazier on which the Indian unleavened round bread is baked.

*2 Dare- This word is used in my translation to show total humility of Dadajan.

*3 Tahrike Jadid- This scheme was launched by Hadhrat Khalifa Sani's (AB) funds for the propagation of True Islam i.e. Ahmadiyyat in foreign lands in fulfilment of two prophesies of The Promised Messiah. One was "I (Allah) will cause thy mission (word) to reach every corner of the globe". Two was the attributes vouched to The Promised Son (Hadhrat Khalifa Sani)

*4 Qursudan- Some sort of herbal medicine of which I am totally ignorant

*5 Hafeeza Bibi- The eldest child of Dadajan was blessed with extra-ordinary intelligence and possessed an extensive knowledge and especially of Ahmadiyyat and religious literature. She was a most pious lady and a gifted school teacher. May Allah be pleased with her!

It was in the year 2001 when I last met her at her home in Karachi that she invited me; to see and touch the blessed garment of The Promised Messiah which was given to Dadajan. She explained to me that at the time of my Dadajan's demise in 1941, it had almost become customary for anything given by The Promised Messiah to be buried with the possessor or recipient of the gift. When my Dadajan was about to be buried in Qadian, my Phupheejan prevailed on the people to hand over a shirt like garment that had belonged to The Promised Messiah (PBUH).

It was during my visit this time that she disclosed to me its existence. What I saw the blessed garment and immediately buried my face in it and kissed it with reverence. This garment was,, what is called a 'Punjabi Kurta' , an Indian summer shirt. It was made of very fine and extremely light weight cotton and appeared to be delicately stitched. Anyway I felt so privileged to have had the chance of feeling and kissing this blessed garment that my faith was fortified manifold. Hashim Saeed, my cousin and

my Phupheejan's most deserving son has been entrusted with the custody of this blessed garment.

*6 Raja Ali Bahadur Sahib- I feel honoured to have met Raja Sahib on my very first visit to Changa Bangial with my parents. I distinctly remember a man of an extra-ordinary stature maybe some six feet and 6 or 7 inches. He had a fit and lean frame with noticeable characteristics of a military man. I am naturally curios about such distinguished looking men and immediately made his acquaintance and then followed him to his house.

At the time I was not to know whether we were in any way related. I noticed a mare tied in the compound and this aroused my further curiosity which he noticed. He then told me that as he was fond of horse riding since his childhood, he made it a point to acquire a swift mare for his pleasure. On my further prompting him, the old gentleman became quite friendly and with all modesty mentioned that he had been to Europe twice in his life.

When I pestered him to divulge the circumstances that had propelled him to Europe, he mentioned, that it was as a soldier in his majesty's British Indian Army, that he had been posted there to fight in the two Great World Wars. I inveigled from him some interesting facts of his service in France during the First World War. His description of his personal experiences of the trench warfare in the fields of Flanders was hilarious and not anything like what I had been so avidly reading since my school days here in England.

How he kept a straight face while describing his personal perception of his role in the war, I shall never ever understand! He described how the English Officer would shout fix bayonets and then shouted 'Attack!'

On hearing this command everyone scrambled over the trench and ran like mad... smack... into the withering German machine gun fire.....many thousands upon thousands were mown down!

Then he would notice that his English Officer went shooting past him like a jackrabbit.... But in the direction whence they had first launched their attack! Anyone who returned un-dead was given a medal! And he always returned! By grace and favour of Allah!

To prove his point he opened a box containing a whole host of medals. I was amazed at his story and more so with his clutch of medals and absolutely bowled over to see the document which was a commendation of the highest order short of a VC, which conferred on him Honorary Commission and promoted him to the rank of a Lieutenant in the British Indian Army.

Heroes are always so modest! His very name means A Chieftain who is fearless and brave: an allusion to Khalifa Hadhrat Ali (RA)! How apt!

Now after a considerable lapse of time, since that momentous meeting, I am surprised to learn from my Dadajan's letter that the old gentleman was his relative from Dadijan's side of the family. However my cousin, Muhammad Aslam who happened to attend the Jalsa Salana 2005 volunteered to clarify certain relationships. It is from him that I came to learn that this gentleman was in fact my Dadijan's brother-in law. Raja Ali Bahadur's wife's name was Mukhtaran Bibi.

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

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63
از یاد دین

غزیرہ الیت اللہ سید اللہ اللہ

کلمہ دھن علی رمدہ اگر وہ علی

اللہم کہو درو اللہ و بر جانہ - دستی خدو و گار و تبار الیو جانہ
انت اللہ النورین کہو سنے پند رہ میں روپیہ تہو زری دلوں کہ
کثیر و زندی بھی گنا - انت اللہ یکم جو دی کے قریب - بیع منقہ تہو گنا
تم ادعہ سیر تہو دودھہ و ذرا نہ بی لیا کرو اور روغن زرد آیت دودھہ
نے لیا کرو کہو غنہ سنے ہم اشجان ذرا سخت ہوتا ہے اسلے
محنت زیادہ کرنی پڑی اللہ تعالیٰ سے دعائیں بھی کرنا رہو
اور قوت محنت کی کرو - اللہ تعالیٰ تبار انا فطر و ناطق و خالق و
مین اپنی بیگمانہ ناز و دل میں تباری کے دعائیں تبار تباروں
وہ بھی جوئی درمیانی شب کہ سوئی رات کے پیشاب کا دور
پڑا شاہ دوئے پیشاب کا لالہ تہو چہہ کی ہر رک کیا تہو لالہ اور
پہلے دوپہر کو ہر رک کیا تہو لالہ تہو پڑا پانچ چہہ دفعہ کسی زبانی کہنا
خون ہی جاری ہو گیا اور بخار بھی ہو گیا پھر دوئے ایسا کہ فریاد
اس روز سے از حد کمزوری ہو گئی ہے دعائیں کرن - میں کہو
تبار تبار بخور دی کے سب سے سفوفیں رکنا انت اللہ شرط
کے طلبہ جانکا ارادہ - ول بہت ادور کی ہو رہا ہے

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LETTER DATED 18/06/1936

On pages 163-164

In the name of Allah.....

From: Qadian

My Dearest Hadayitullah,

Assalama Alaikum...

I have received both your letter and the postcard. Inshallah I shall try to send you a sum of Rupees fifteen or twenty provided I am still alive. Inshallah this will be done around the first week in July.

You must drink half seer (half kilo) of milk everyday. Also do buy a rupee's worth of Roghan Zerd (some sort of 'Yellow' tonic); as I have heard that the exams you will be sitting are very taxing and require a lot of (mental) hard preparatory studies. Therefore pray to Allah and also study hard. May Allah be your guide and safeguard you and in my daily prayers I always remember you.

During the night of 12th and 13th June, at about 2 a.m. in the morning, I suffered another severe attack of urinary constriction and had to be helped (to empty the bladder by mechanical means) and by 6 a.m. there was a recurrence of the same and again at 12 noon next day. I think it must have happened at least five or six time in rapid succession, which ultimately resulted in causing some bleeding and this was followed by fever. Through extreme weakness I then fell on the stairs. Ever since then I have been suffering from acute general weakness. Please pray for me. Therefore I have tried not to venture out, though I intend to do so soon; Inshallah health permitting! I feel your separation most acutely.

I received Ataullah's (my uncle's) letter and he has informed me that by the grace of Allah he is well. I have not received any letter from Hafeeza Bibi (my Phupheejan) and this worries me. However I did receive a Postcard from Ludhiana and they are all well.

I wish to advise you that please go praying for my honourable and just end. Do not associate (shirk- defiance of the belief in 'Oneness' of God) another with our Allah. Be always show kindness towards your brothers and sisters. Always be obedient to your mother.

Please convey my Salaams to Babu Faiz Muhammad Sahib (my Khalujan) and keep in touch with Judge Sahib. May Allah be with you. Ameen, Summa Ameen. Then the side note reads:

Have learned to type or are you still learning? Do let me know your progress. Namaz, The Holy Quran and Kishti-e-Nuh (Noah's Ark - book of The Promised Messiah) all these you must keep and study regularly. Wasalaam.

Signed Rehmatullah Ahmadi, Qadian.

FOOTNOTE:

Whenever Dadajan felt his 'time' was near due to breakdown in his health, he would start to worry about his family and advise my father accordingly.

LETTER DATED 28/03/1941

On pages 167-168

In the name of Allah.....

My dearest Hadayitullah, Ataullah, Inayitullah,

Assalama Alaikum.....

*It was a relief to learn from your letter that you are alright. I worry about you. Please do write to me about the current situation regarding you being afflicted with the boil (Delhi Boils^{*1}) and about the skin rashes afflicting Ataullah and Inayitullah's bodies, to receive this news I shall be grateful.*

Kindly let me know at the soonest how Ataullah is faring with his typing practice and the result of Inayitullah's exams. Do also keep me informed of Ataullah's progress in his preparations for the coming exams. I would also like to be kept informed how you and Ataullah are preparing and what efforts you both are making for your approaching exams. You will no doubt keep me informed of the state of your own and others physical welfare. You are advised to keep to a good diet. May Allah be your Guardian and vouch your safety! Ameen! Summa Ameen! I pray for you with every breath I take.

*Dear Hameeda Bibi (my Phupheejan) saw in a dream something which does not augur well and in view of this sign a quantity of wheat flour was distributed among the poor as Sadqa ^{*2}. You are advised to do likewise.*

I had arranged for my dear Samiullah Nasir to be circumcised on the 25th day of March. At the hour of one in the afternoon Dr. Moti Singh, who is in charge of the Banga Hospital, performed the operation by first administering chloroform. Immediately after the operation I carried him in my arms and

brought him back home. On reaching home it was with some difficulty that I managed to lay him on the charpai (Indian bed) as he was impatient to get up and soon ran off to play. He keeps very busy in playing, by the grace of Allah; despite my efforts to dissuade him from doing so, he still persists. He very quietly manages to give us all the slip and escapes outdoors to join other neighbourhood kids in play.

By the grace of Allah, this morning about the hour of nine, he accompanied me to the bazaar (shopping centre) and then, because the removal of his bandages was scheduled for the fourth day after the operation, he, himself (Dadajan's pride can be gleaned here) walked all the way to the Hospital with me. As the Doctor Sahib away having gone to Jullunder the bandages could not be removed today. Inshallah tomorrow this will be done.

The Doctor Sahib would not charge me anything for the operation despite my repeated protestations on many occasions. However he kindly mentioned the fact, that there were many poor patients in the hospital in the hospital, who would be only too glad to be provided with a meal and also that the hospital was in dire need of medicines. Therefore I would request you to please arrange to send whatever sum of money you can manage to the hospital for the acquisition of medicines for the poor. And on my part, Inshallah, I shall do all I can when you return home. But do keep on praying!

Sughra Begum's boils (Nasoor-Delhi Boils) are now healing and Inshallah may require only one or two more patches to be applied for the final cure. My dear Samiullah Nasir has contracted some sort of itchy skin rashes on his legs. He is undergoing treatment and he is already feeling some relief as a result. My dear Nasim Akhtar (my sister) is also suffering from an itchy skin condition³ and her treatment seems to be working. This

particular skin complaint has spread to my dear Farkhanda Akhtar (daughter of Phuphajan Faiz Alam), Hameeda and my sister Asi. Now they are all recovering from this complaint and there is no need to worry. Please pray for us all but especially for my honourable and just end.

My health seems to be sinking day by day though there is relief from the severity of (unable to decipher following word) and acting on medical advice I am taking daily taking yoghurt at meal times. By the grace of Allah this diet has helped me in obtaining some relief from my condition. Your mother is well and happy. She also prays for you.

Yesterday I wrote one letter addressed to Hadhrat Amirul Momineen (Hadhrat Khalifa Sani^{RA}) requesting prayers for your success in the exams and another addressed to Akhbar Alfazl for publication in which I had requesting all our Ahmadi brethren to also pray for your advancement in the spiritual and the temporal fields. As well as having written similar letters to Chaudhry Fatah Muhammad sahib. While nursing a hope for your resounding success and good health, I have resolved to write letters requesting prayers to Hadhrat Mir Muhammad Ehsaq Sahib and Wali Ullah Shah Sahib, Syed Sarwar Shah Sahib, Doctor Ghaus and to Maulana Maulvi Sher Ali Sahib. Inshallah, I have resolved to also write to each and every elder (of Delhi Jamaat) with similar requests. I shall be sending all these letters enclosed in a single

envelope to Doctor Ghulam Qader. He will then disburse these letters after enclosing each in an individual envelope to the intended recipient. What else to write but to commend you in to Allah's care. May Allah be with you. Ameen! Summa Ameen! Inshallah...

The writing on the reverse side of the sheet takes on a different character from the usual carefully crafted execution of the pen strokes. Perhaps a sign of the poor state of Dadajan's health and

especially the strain put on his deteriorating eye sight. Only Allah knows best! As my dear Dadajan would have put it!

Please I urge you to continue to pray for my honourable and just end! I have not received any letters from Changa Bangial. Inshallah dear Hukum Dad Khan (my Phuphajan- a Navy man) is expected here on the 2nd of April but he will not be able to spend more than a night (in Banga) as he will be going to Delhi (perhaps proceeding to the Bombay Naval Base).

You may already be aware of Faiz Alam's (my Phuphajan) resignation. My Allah through his grace and favour may have some design for a better future for him. Ameen! Ameen! Please convey my affectionate salaams to Muhammad Islam Sahib (possibly he was the very tall gentleman who was Librarian at the Ahmadiyya Library in Delhi) and to Mistri Karam Din (family friend) and all the other members of the Delhi Jamaat. I always remember the Delhi Jamaat in all my prayers and I hope they also remember me in their prayers, if they would also include my children in their prayers I should be most grateful to them for this kindness. Wasalaam. May Allah be with you. +

Note: Sheikh Mushtaq Ahmad Sahib has been appointed a Sub. Judge to the Law Courts at Nawanshahr (a town once frequented by Dadajan in the course of conducting his business activities. It lies west of Banga). I

expect Sheikh Ejaz Ahmad Sahib, Judge at the Delhi Law Courts, may already be acquainted with him. I have an inkling that the Sub. Judge Sahib may be of Ahmadiyya persuasion. I think his name is Mushtaq Ahmad Ahmadi.

Please go and meet Sheikh Ejaz Ahmad Sahib, provided you can first establish whether Mushtaq Sahib is indeed an acquaintance of his, on a favourable outcome of this approach could you then arrange to obtain a letter from Sheikh Sahib as an instrument of my introduction to Mushtaq Sahib. If it is at all possible such a letter containing a request addressed to Sheikh Sahib to be favourably disposed towards me in some future hour of need. It would be most helpful if this letter be sent directly by Sheikh Sahib. Would Mushtaq Sahib be gracious in either accepting gifts of vegetables etc. from me or in awarding me some (clearly Dadajan had something on his mind perhaps to help someone) work. If the letter can not be sent directly to Mushtaq Sahib then you can either enclose the letter in one of your letters to me or send it yourself. In case you find some other Judge acquainted with him then make a request to such a judge with the words "We have heard that Ejaz Sahib, the Sub. Judge is kindly disposed towards Muslims" *4.

I can not think of what else to write you. By the grace and favour of Allah your understanding of these (matters). My love and prayers are directed in favour of Ataullah and Inayitullah.

Please do not worry but exercise care in the selection of your diet. When you pray and perform your namaz do so with complete concentration coupled with humility. Dear Samiullah Nasir has just gone downstairs to fetch some fire for my Hookah. *5 And Nasim Akhtar is possessed of such sweet nature that is never any trouble. Sometimes she is out sauntering in the gulley outside where she is heard shouting the word "Baba!" and sometimes "Chacha!" She keeps following me

around and she certainly does not want to be parted from me.
Mashaallah! Please offer your prayers with complete humility!
Wasalaam. May Allah be with you! **Signed.**

PS. Then A note: Babu Ghulam Gilani Sahib has been posted to
Nawanshahr.

FOOTNOTES:

Please note the large ink smudge on the top right hand top of the first page of the letter. Dadajan writes beside the smudge: (This) is the impression of Nasir's thumb print.

+ Here I detect a clear sign of fatigue in Dadajan, causing a most unusual lack of concentration in this letter. And yet the desire to communicate with his beloved son, Hadayitullah, is so overwhelming that he somehow wills himself to continue and not break this thread in the form of words stretching all the way to Delhi traversing the plains of the Punjab; a profound bond of love that united father and son.

*1 The Delhi Boil- Known to locals as 'Nasoore Delhi', it usually afflicted the residents of Delhi. It was rather a viciously festering and nasty variety of skin protuberance, which even after a prolonged course of treatment and cure would nonetheless persist in leaving the skin tissue often scarred for ever. I am not sure of the causes (virus?) but would at a guess liken it to the modern flesh eating virus. My dear mother showed me the scar she still carried near one of her elbows; a dreadful and permanent reminder of her Delhi days.

*2 Sadqa- A special type of alms given to the poor in conjunction with fervent prayers beseeching Allah to ward off either evil or to win approval of Allah so that one may be spared through Allah's grace and favour from being overtaken by a likely calamity. It is a kind of Chanda, donation, very much given today to the poor and the needy by us through the Jamaat.

*3 Itchy skin condition- Caused by the overactive sweat glands becoming swollen and itchy leading to infection of the area. The areas of highly sensitive skin were

particularly susceptible during the hot dry Punjab summers, when the wind-heat (as opposed to wind-chill) factors dried the earth and the skin till it cracked. These skin cracks were a haven for all sorts of bacteriological attacks resulting in more than the prickly heat rash. The head, leg and torso of children were much favoured by infection.

*4 The machinations of Indian Public Relations during the British Raj- Only people who were born, bred and had learnt the ways and means by which their lives could or would function by ensuring their very own survival without the benevolent hand of the 'Nanny State' such as we enjoy here in modern day Great Britain. These survival skills, which we do not require in England seems to be a hangover perhaps from the times of the Moghul Empire or even earlier. The skills involved in carrying out exercise in public relations were then widely known and accepted. I can however say with confidence that Dadajan used these skills to help other needy people as my father used to do. Dadajan had during the course of his business handled thousands of rupees in an age, when a rupee was truly of some considerable value.

*5 Hookah- An Arayan, Indian smoking pipe designed to making smoking tobacco a unique experience by having the air drawn to become infused with tobacco smoke which is filtered by passing it through water and pleasantly cooled before being inhaled.

۱۔ بسم الرحمن الرحیم

عزیز بہ است اللہ الذی سخر اللہ
 اللہم ملا درویش بہ گاتہ۔ ستارہ ادنیٰ خلد و گارہ و پودہ گئے۔
 کہم منظم خان بہادر جو دہری جس کے نام میری اسٹیجی و گیتہ بزرگان
 م ستارہ شمس خط تباری ہاں سچا ہوں ہم اللہ کے دوستوں نے اپنے
 خود اس کے لئے پر لیا نا۔ انشاء اللہ کہم منظم خان صاحب فرزند علی صاحب گیتہ
 خط اللہ خدمت میں آئیے و روزیہ ہی تباری نسبت لہو پتہ جائیگا۔

دعا میں کرتے رہو۔
 میری رحمت بہت کمزور ہو گئی ہے۔ بیکہ کر ہی ناز پر کیا ہوں۔ مسجد
 میں جانا محال ہے۔ اللہ تعالیٰ ہی بہتر جانتا ہے کہ دل میں بہت اوداس ہو رہا ہے
 بسک و غیرہ میں نہیں رہی۔ تم کہ اللہ تعالیٰ اپنی توحید و اسلام و احیاء و موت
 میں اللہ کے نام پکارتے کہ فیض دے۔ اور خادم دین و رسد بنائے۔

اور میری مغفرت کیلئے دعائیں کرتے رہنا بولنا نہ۔ میری خاتہ یا خیر کیلئے
 دعائیں کرو۔ اپنی چھوٹے بھائیوں و بیٹیوں کا خیال رکھو۔ اپنی والدہ
 کے فرمایا ہوا رہنمائی۔ اللہ کے ساتھ کلمہ پکارتے۔ بکرو و خرو و گیتہ
 تم کریو۔ اللہ تعالیٰ کے سب حکموں میں پابند رہو۔ اللہ تباری اللہ
 اللہ تعالیٰ تباری۔ حافظ و ناصر ہو۔ بالخصوص کہم منظم اللہم ملا۔ عزیز فیض عام و
 حنیفہ یوں کہ کوئی ظلمین آیتیں نہ فقط اس کے سچے چارہ۔ حنیفہ یوں کہ کہتے
 جو اب طبر دنیا۔ اس کے لئے تباری خاطر ہی ہاں ہاں ہاں۔ زنگیوں کا اعتبار نہ

LETTER DATED 4/05/1936

On page 176

In the name of Allah.....

From: Rehmatullah Ahmadi

Dear Hadayitullah Ahmadi,

Assalama Alaikum...

Your letter and the postcard were hand-delivered to me. I am sending you, my letter which is addressed to Muazzam Khan Bahadur Chaudhry Sahib and I have also enclosed letters of recommendations (in your favour) from various Elders of our community. Please put this letter in a new envelope and take it with you when you visit Chaudhry Sahib's bungalow. Inshallah within a few days a letter from Farzand Ali Sahib's will also reach him. Please go on praying!

My health has deteriorated to such an extent that I have to perform my namaz from a sitting position. And I no longer have the strength to go to the mosque. Only Allah knows best why I am feeling rather lonely and have also lost my appetite.

May Allah give you the strength to spread our faith, Islam that is Ahmadiyyat, the teachings and name of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH); also make you a servant of the faith, Jamaat Ahmadiyya. Please pray for me and for an honourable termination when my time comes; do not forget this is my request!

Do be mindful of your younger brothers and sisters' welfare. Always show obedience to your mother. Show yourself to be a true example of Ahmadiyyat. Do not ever become trapped in vanity or develop unseemly selfish traits. Always truthfully follow Allah's Commandments. May Allah be always with you and safeguard you.

Please convey my regards to Babu Sahib (my Khalujan). I have yet to receive any letter from Faiz Alam (my Phuppajan) or Hafeeza Bibi (my Phupheejan) though I have already written two letters. As I miss Hafeeza Bibi very much so do please inform me of her welfare. Now it seems to me that I am alive only for your sake. Life is so unpredictable. Signed. Rehmatullah

P.S. As I am writing these lines weakness seems to engulf me and my heart is suffering from pangs of our separation. I can not help but find my thoughts dwelling upon the future welfare of my children and I pray may Allah be my children's guardian! Your mother has many rights over me and I hope you will ensure that you also understand these; similarly your brothers and sisters have certain rights over you; therefore I urge you to please be an obedient son unto your mother and cultivate a loving, loving relationship with your siblings.

I trust that you will pursue Tabligh activities in a regular manner. And I hope you will beseech Allah on my behalf with prayers for my honourable and just end. Wasalaam! Please do worry unduly.

When you next visit Ludhiana, kindly convey my Salaams to Janat Bibi (my Nanijan), Hashmat Bibi (my Khalajan) and give my love to all the children. I had written to them but have not yet had any response. Salaams to Janat Bibi.

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When you next visit Ludhiana, kindly convey my Salaams to Janat Bibi (my Nanijan), Hashmat Bibi (my Khalajan) and give my love to all the children. I had written to them but have not yet had any response. Salaams to Janat Bibi.

FOOTNOTE:

Dadajan was by now seriously ill and on the reverse side of the sheet he just managed to only scribble with a pencil. This side can not be scanned properly and this original Urdu page has therefore not been included here. I fear the above composition must have totally exhausted him. However I have attempted to translate the scribbled text as above *

LETTER DATED 25/02/1940

On pages 180-181

In the name of Allah.....

My dearest Hadayitullah, Ataullah and Inayitullah,
Assalama Alaikum....

It is quite a while ago that I heard from you and you are forever in my thoughts. We have been blessed with a baby girl by the grace and favour of Allah! May Allah grant her a pious nature, and make her truly a servant of Ahmadiyyat and may she enjoy longevity. May Samiullah Nasir's sister be a true blessing! May she follow in the footsteps of the Prophets! Allah says:

لِلّٰهِ مُلْكُ السَّمٰوٰتِ وَ الْاَرْضِ ط يَخْلُقْ مَا يَشَآءُ ط يَهْبُ لِمَنْ يَّشَآءُ اِنَا ثَا وُ

يَهْبُ لِمَنْ يَّشَآءُ الذُّكُوْرَ ۝ اَوْ يُزَوِّجُهُمْ ذُكْرَانًا وَّ اِنَا ثَا ۚ وَيَجْعَلُ مَنْ يَّشَآءُ

عَقِيْمًا ط اِنَّهٗ عَلِيْمٌ قَدِيْرٌ ۝ (سورة الشورى آيت 50-51)

Al-Shura Part 42 Chapter 25 Aiyatt No.50 of The Holy Quran. English Translation by The late Hadhrat Maulvi Sher Ali Sahib, (May Allah be pleased with him) is reproduced hereunder:

‘To Allah belongs the kingdom of the heavens and the earth. He creates what He pleases. He bestows daughters upon whom He pleases, and He bestows sons upon whom He pleases;.....’ *1

Alhamdulillah! Summa Alhamdulillah! Felicitations! Your mother has already chosen a name for the newborn babe, Nasim Akhtar, (Dadajan being of a considerate nature felt he had to accept) and I have already informed Ludhiana (to my Nanijan in whose house my sister was born). I shall be conveying this felicitous news to Hazoor in a letter and

(mention) that I believe that your mother loves this name so much, Mubarak! (Felicitations).

Please do not worry about us. Do not worry about anything but put your faith in Allah, go and sit your examinations. My Allah, The Master of all things, by his grace and favour grant you complete success. I remember to always include prayers for you in all my daily namaz as well as your mother, your sister, Hameeda Bibi, Haji Ghulam Ahmad Sahib, Rehmatullah and Sheikh Rehmatullah Patwari (appendage identifies Sheikh Sahib's profession of Land Tax Collector)

From time to time I send letters requesting prayers to Hadhrat Amirul Momineen (Hadhrat Khalifa Sani ^(RA)). I also take the trouble to write (or speak) to other friends requesting prayers. Therefore you two (also brother Ataullah) please remind your younger brother Inayatullah to also pray. I say with complete confidence that my Allah, The Master Supreme, will by his grace and favour grant both of you brothers complete success in your endeavours. Ameen. Summa Ameen! May Allah be your Guardian! My Allah, The Master of all, may He reward you with extra-ordinary advancements in the spiritual and in the temporal world.

Please you yourself should also write to Hadhrat Amirul Momineen. I trust you, all three brothers, must have had an audience with Hazoor in Delhi and made your request for prayers. May Allah be with you! I also trust and hope that you would have approached all the senior members as well as others of the Delhi Jamaat with requests for prayers.

From the five rupees you sent me I have given three rupees to the milkman the remaining two rupees were spent on sundries. I repeat do not worry on our account. Your mother also says the same that you

should approach your exams without any other concern troubling you and Allah will help you. But do fervently keep on praying. Your mother says that your Nanajan (Khawaja Sahib of Kashmir) made a present of five rupees to dear Sughra Bibi (my mother), as we were not able to send anything from Banga.

And if and when you go to visit Ludhiana (on the way to Banga), during your Easter holiday leave, by the grace and favour of Allah, do make it a point that you make a present of five rupees to Sughra Bibi and when you then come to Banga please bring my dearest Samiullah Nasir with you, provided he does not mind. We, that is your mother and also Hameeda Bibi, yearn to see him.

*We were informed that his Tundwa*² has again been operated and excised.*

I feel that your mother and your sister Hameeda will be able to baby-sit (me- so that my mother would be freed to look after Naseem). May Allah be his (Nasir's) guardian! Your Nanajan has asked me to tell you to sit for your exams with confidence and he will help in any way he can.

Inshallah! Whenever he comes he kindly brings with him some wheat and fire-wood etc. And Allah will provide the rest. I keep worrying about Ataullah! Please pray most fervently and do look after your own health as well as the health of your two brothers.

Be mindful of Inayitullah that he recites The Holy Quran and performs all the duties that religion requires. Your mother and I both would like to impress upon Ataullah not to physically chastise Inayitullah but to use persuasion. And do pray! Do keep us informed of your welfare.

*Have you used your Nanajan's Surma *3, if you find this Surma suits you, then I suggest your other brothers should also use it. If you are in need of anything then do let me know! Do supply me detailed particulars of Mistri Karam Din's daughters. Please convey my salaams to him and to Muhammad Aslam and Sheikh Ghulam Hussain. Similarly convey my salaams to Abdul Majid, Judge Sahib and all other friends. Signed.*

FOOTNOTES:

*1 Here it is important to put this particular verse from The Holy Quran in context. The birth of my sister Nasim Akhtar was the occasion, on which my Dadajan was writing to my father offering his felicitations. Dadajan was obviously drawing my father's attention to the fact that Allah had mentioned the birth of a boy or a girl, both as a sign of his blessings.

Unlike, the norms of a patriarchal society (especially a martial or agrarian one) where the birth of a Daughter is considered not only a shame but also an economic burden, which occasioned worry for the parents, not joy as in the case of the birth of a son.

My father, as a member of the Ahmadiyya community was reminded of this verse so that he did not forget and that he would remember to cherish the girl i.e. his daughters. The birth of a girl was not to be considered as a burden but a blessing of Allah. In pre-Islamic Arabia the new born baby girls were too often buried alive 'to save face' of the father. The birth of a girl was considered a shame on the family--a stigma!

I have seen this barbaric and medieval attitude persisting even among some of the present-day Muslims especially in the Indian sub-continent. This vestige of an abhorrent custom was prevalent among some of the Hindu inhabitants and this contagion had then come also to afflict some Muslims. A Most unfortunate practice it was then and still is today!

The relevance of this verse is very important to the Bangvi Clan as we have had inculcated in us all, the importance of cherishing all our female relatives by showing them tenderness, loving care and affording them all full opportunities for the

acquisition of knowledge and education and development of their full potential, natural talents without any discrimination whatsoever according to the teachings of The Holy Quran and the Teachings of The Promised Messiah (PBUH).

In practice I was made aware of this philosophy of treating female members of one's family at first by my Dadijan, may Allah be pleased with her, at an early age. I was then physically strong and was boisterous by nature; it soon entered my mind that brawn may achieve rapid results especially when facing a sister.

Therefore in my play I would push and shove my sister away perhaps from her toy. The moment my Dadijan saw this misbehaviour she began to recite a little ditty "Vira phenan nun na mar, Vira Choura Chamar" This ditty may be translated as "Brother (you) do not hit your sister, otherwise you will become the Lowest of the low- i.e. An Hindu Untouchable". This was a frightful situation for a Muslim This had an electrifying effect on me and stopped me from maltreating my sister.

*2 Tundwa This is a cartilage like tissue which attaches the tongue to the floor of the palate and sometimes this appendage restricts movement of the front of the tongue inhibiting the lifting of the tongue to touch the roof of the palate thereby making formulation of words and utterance totally unintelligible. To see it, you stand in front of a mirror and touch the roof of your mouth with your tongue and you will see it. Therefore a portion is surgically removed to restore full flexibility to the tongue- a method then acceptable and successful.

*3 Kohl A black substance used to coat the fringes between the eyelids and the eye lashes, in this case not for fashion, but as a cooling agent for hot and swollen eyelids in the hot summers in India. Nanajan was a Hakim and his Surma was really special. Nanajan is of course Hadhrat Karam Dad Khan, Hakeem of the Maharajah of Kashmir.

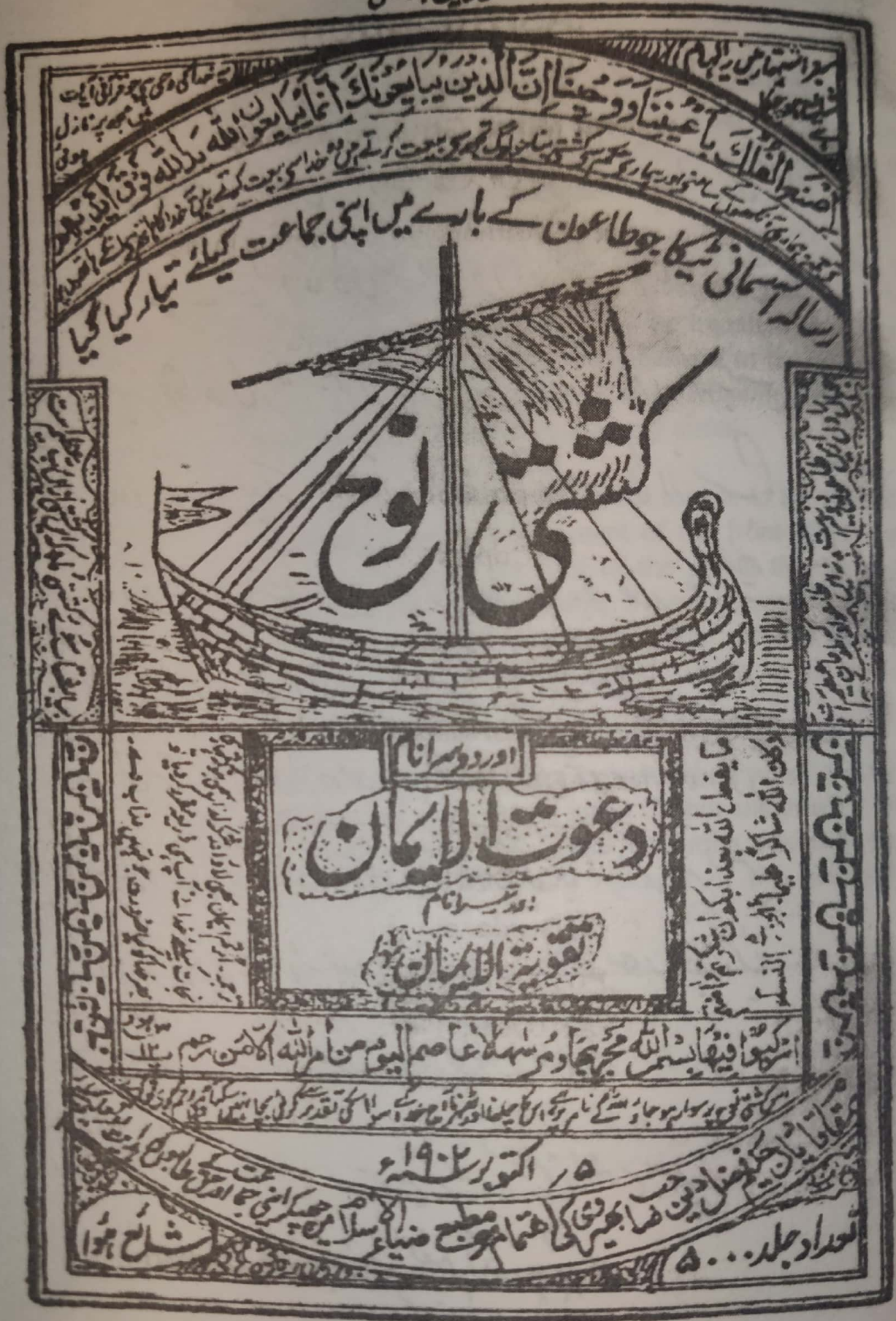
THE LAST PAGE
FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

حرمِ مدینہ منورہ میں ہر حال میں سلام علیہ علیہ السلام
 پر دعا مقرر ہوئی۔ تو اسے خاتمہ بالحق کہیں گے۔ غیر کہ میں حال
 کی تقریر کیے دعا دل سے کہہ اور ناکر عنہ اللہ ماجرا ہو۔
 تین روزہ کا حال رہا۔ یہاں تک کہ اسے دعا یاد دیں۔ کہ یہ سب
 خاتمہ دین۔ نیک۔ متقی۔ صالح۔ ام۔ یہاں تک کہ ان سب
 حافظہ دماغ سے۔ آج کل عاجز۔ دینی غیر بہت
 اللہ۔ علیہ السلام۔ جو میرے گھر میں ہیں یا
 ہر کچھ ہر دہلی میں امیر و مرہوس۔ اسے مستقل ملے ہوئے
 کہیں دین و دنیا۔ شرف کی دعا کہیں و ناکر عنہ رہے
 ماجرا ہو۔ والسلام۔ و آخر دعوانا انہی رب العالمین
 الحمد للہ خاتمہ است کہ جہاں باخارم اللہ

یہ تین روزہ کا حال ہے

نیک جانہ صبر و تقویٰ

مائیل سیج بار اول



NOAH' ARK

KASHTIE NUH (NOAH'S ARK)

ON PAGE 188

THE FRONT PAGE OF THE FAMOUS BOOK
WHICH WAS WRITTEN BY THE PROMISED

MESSIAH
(MAY PEACE BE UPON HIM)

THIS DIVINELY INSPIRED BOOK

WAS

RECOMMENDED

TO ME, BY MY FATHER,

WHENEVER, I WAS GREATLY TROUBLED.

BY THE GRACE AND FAVOUR OF ALLAH

I ALWAYS FOUND IT HELPED,

WHEN ALL OTHER REMEDIES

HAD FAILED.

HAQIQA TUL WAHI

FRONT PAGE HAQIQA TUL WAHI

قادر کے کار و بار نمودار ہو گئے ۔ کافرو کہتے تھے وہ گرفتار ہو گئے

وَلَقَدْ سَبَقَتْ كَلِمَتُنَا لِعِبَادِنَا الْغَايِبِينَ وَأَمْضَيْنَا الْقُرْآنَ بِالْحَقِّ وَالْحَقُّ كَلِمَةٌ تَقَعُ بِالْأَعْيُنِ
وَكَلَامِي مِمَّا أَوْحَى إِلَيَّ هَذَا الْوَحْيُ الْمُبَشِّرُ
قَالَ رَبُّكَ إِنَّهُ لَزُلْزَلَةٌ غَامِظَةٌ وَمَا تُنْفِرُونَ إِلَّا نَارَ مِثْقَالِ ذَرَّةٍ
مَّا أَرْسَلْنَاكَ إِلَّا رَحْمَةً مِّنَّا وَنُذْرًا وَمَا كُنَّا بِمُعَذِّبِينَ
وَالَّذِينَ هُمْ بِهِ مُشْرِقُونَ وَيَسِّرَ اللَّهُ لَكَ الْأَمْرَ كُلَّهُ إِنَّهُ عَلِيمٌ بِذَاتِ الصُّدُورِ
وَأَمَّا الْكُفَّارُونَ فَكَفَرُوا بِالْحَقِّ وَالْحَقُّ لَا يَخْفَى عَلَى اللَّهِ وَهُوَ عَالِمُ الْغُيُوبِ
وَالَّذِينَ هُمْ بِهِ مُشْرِقُونَ

حَقِيقَةُ الْوَحْيِ

خود تعالیٰ کا ہزار ہا شکر ہے کہ یہ کتاب جامع جہیں ہر ایک قسم کے
حقائق اور معارف اور ہر ایک آسمانی نشان و رج ہیں محض اسی کے
فضل اور کرم اور خاص اسکی توفیق اور تائید سے مرتب و تالیف ہو کر
طبع ہو سکیں۔ قلوبان میں باہر تمام مہینہ و مطبع کے جہیں

‘THE REALITY OF PROPHECY’
The English Heading

ردیف	تاریخ	مقام	مصلحت	خلاصہ مضمون خط
۳۵	۱۲/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	کرم داد احمدی	دہلی	حضرت کو ہزار سالک ۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی کمال صفائی سے پوری ہوئی۔ شام کے قریب ۱۳ مارچ کو آسمان پر ایک چوندنگ آگ دکھائی دی جس سے آسمان زیادہ کیا۔
۳۶	۱۳/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	حضرت کو مبارک ہو۔ ۱۳ مارچ میں جو ایک نبوت و ظہور کے ظاہر ہوئے کی غرض سے مقرر ہوئے وہ واقعہ ۱۳ مارچ کو ظہور میں آگیا اور ایک نبوت و ظہور آگ آسمان پر دیکھی گئی۔
۳۷	۱۴/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	سارک ہو ۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۳۸	۱۵/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۳۹	۱۶/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۴۰	۱۷/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۴۱	۱۸/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۴۲	۱۹/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۴۳	۲۰/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۴۴	۲۱/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۴۵	۲۲/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۴۶	۲۳/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۴۷	۲۴/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۴۸	۲۵/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۴۹	۲۶/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔
۵۰	۲۷/۱۲/۱۳۰۵	محمد علی شیخ	دہلی	۱۳ مارچ والی پیشگوئی پوری ہوئی اور ہزاروں آدمیوں نے ۱۳ مارچ کو نگار آسمان دیکھا۔

HAQIQA TUL WAHI

HAQIQA-TUL- WAHI
'The Reality of Prophecy'
ON PAGE 531 OF THE BOOK

Another Divinely Inspired Book
Written by The Promised Messiah
(PBUH)

Front Page

Page No: 531 Entry No: 41 Reads:

1ST April 1907 REHMATULLAH AHMADI, BANGA,

DISTRICT OF HOSHIARPUR

"ON THE 31ST OF MARCH, I NOT ONLY WITNESSED

*THE APPEARANCE OF A FIREBALL IN THE SKY
BUT*

IN SOME PLACES THERE FELL DROPS OF BLACK

RAIN. YOUR PROPHECY HAS BEEN FULFILLED.

CONGRATULATIONS (HAZOOR).

THE RUKHSATI INVITATION

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ
 غفرلہ وفضائلہ علی رؤسنا وعلی
 مکرمہ سرور رحمت اللہ
 السلام علیکم ورحمۃ اللہ وبرکاتہ
 انشاء اللہ العزیز آج مورخہ ۳۰/۹ کو
 ۴ بجے شام میری برادرزادی مریم صدیقہ
 سلمہ اللہ تعالیٰ بنت جناب ڈاکٹر میر محمد اسماعیل
 صاحب سول سرجن گورنوالہ کی تقریبِ ختمتہ
 ہے۔ آپ سے درخواست ہے کہ وقت
 مقربہ پر رنج عاقبت قادیان میں تشریف
 لا کر دعا میں شمولیت اختیار فرمادیں
 شکریہ
 محمد امجد

An Invitation received by Dadajan to
 Attend the Rukhsati Ceremony of

Hadhrat Saeeda Mariam Sadiqa Sahiba

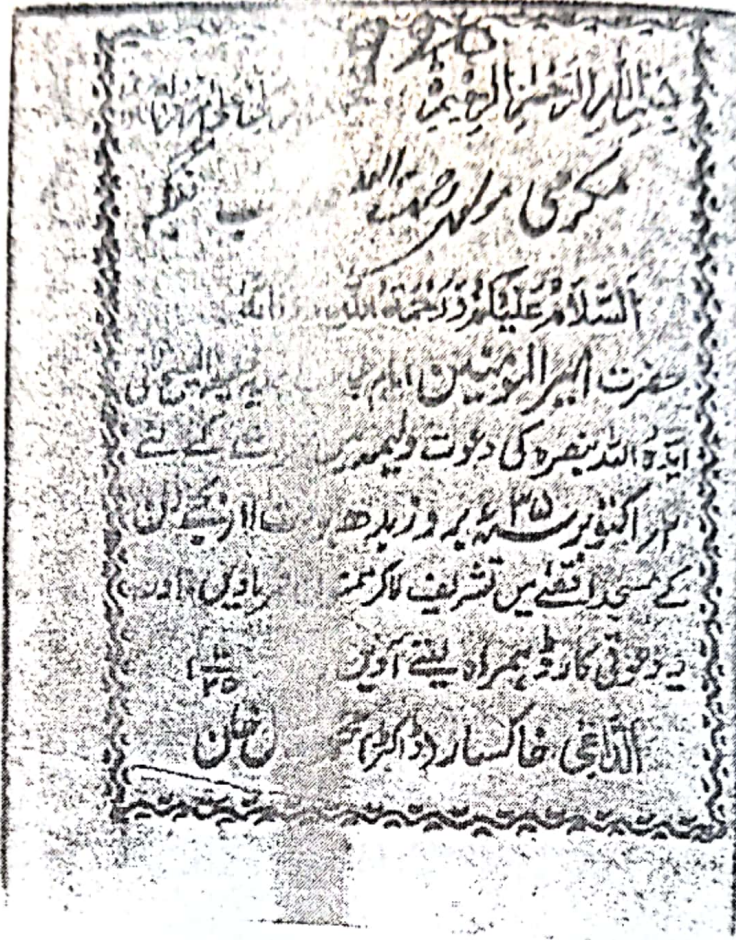
Daughter of Dr. Mir Mohammad Ismail Sahib
 Civil Surgeon Gujaranwala On

30 September, 1935 at 4:30 p.m.

All the family was invited to Qadian to join in Prayers.

N.B. Hadhrat Saeeda Sahiba married Hadhrat Khalifa-tul-Masih Sani

THE VALIMA INVITATION



An Invitation Received by Dadajan
To

Attend the Valima Reception
Of

HADHRAT KHALIFATUL MASIHE SANI
Held on

On Wednesday, 2nd OCTOBER 1935
At 11.00 a.m.

Signed: Dr. Mohammad Tufail Khan

LETTER
MIAN WASEEM AHMAD SAHIB
NAZAR-E-ALA QADIAN

31st July 2002.

Received with thanks
Sent Calcutta
2

Mr. Nasir Bangvi sb.

عبدالحق بن عبدالحق (ا)

I hope that this letter would find you in the best of your health and spirit.

I had received your letter on 17th of July and came to know that you are compiling a Biography of your Dadajan Moulvi Rahmatullah Baghane.

I tried to gather information regarding him but could not get any however I am forwarding you copy of writing on his grave and head-stone, along with the photocopy of the register of Bahishtima wherein at 439 his declaration is recorded.

Hope this will help you in completion of the Biography of your Dadajan.

I pray that may God give you an early opportunity to visit Qadian.

(ا)
عبدالحق
M. Ahmad
عبدالحق بن عبدالحق

867/1601
18-02-2002

REPRODUCTION
OF
LETTER ON PAGE 195

30th July 2002

Mr. Nasir Bangvi Sb.

AAWRWB

I hope that this letter would find you in the best of health and spirit.

I had received your letter on the 17th of July and came to know that you are compiling a Biography of your Dadajan Maulvi Rehmatullah Baghanwalay.

I tried to gather information regarding him but couldn't get any however I am forwarding you the copy of writing on his grave head-stone along with the photocopy of the register of Baheshti Muqbara, wherein at page 439 his declaration is recorded.

Hope this will help you in the completion of the Biography of your Dadajan.

I pray that may God give an early opportunity to visit Qadian.
Wasalaam, Signed.

LETTER
OFFICE BAHESHTI MUQBARA QADIAN

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ
از دفتر مجلس اعلیٰ در حال تبریز آن نظارت بشی بقره

ریکارده دوم، موصوف، مقرر موی و در وقت است و در آنجا با غنای و شکوه و در آنجا
مجلس اعلیٰ و در آنجا مقرر موی و در آنجا با غنای و شکوه و در آنجا

مجلس اعلیٰ و در آنجا مقرر موی و در آنجا با غنای و شکوه و در آنجا
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مجلس اعلیٰ و در آنجا مقرر موی و در آنجا با غنای و شکوه و در آنجا

**TRANSLATION
OF BAHESHTI MUQBARA LETTER**

On page 197

TRANSLATION

The letter begins with the customary Ahmadi Prayers:

From: The Administration and Planning
Department of Baheshti Muqbara, Qadian.

Record for Maulvi Rehmatullah Baghanwala of
Banga, District Jullunder shows the following:

Bait:	5.04.1901
Moosi No:	439
Dated:	28.12.1910
Aged:	80 years
Date of Demise:	05/12/1941
Date of Burial:	07/12/1941
Qita No:	8
Row No:	11
Grave No:	2
Location:	Baheshti Muqbara, Qadian.

TRANSLATION OF BAHESHTI MUQBARA LETTER

TEXT ON THE TOMBSTONE

BEGINS WITH PRAYERS IN ARABIC

Then the following text in Urdu:

He was a Companion of The Promised Messiah (May Peace Be Upon Him) and a true Devotee in knowledge and in action. He was a true Supporter of The Prophethood and of Ahmadiyyat. He served mankind and was active in Tabligh activities throughout his life. For a period of approximately 42 years he rendered services to the Anjuman Ahmadiyya, Banga. On the day of Juma (Friday), 5th of December 1941 at about 9.45 p.m. he departed this world to meet his Maker. Inna Lillahe Wa Inna Ilahe Rajعون! And then follows a text in the Persian Language with which I am even less acquainted than with Urdu.

THE REGISTER PAGE
BAHESHTI MUQBARA QADIAN
SEE FIRST ROW- READ RIGHT TO LEFT

[illegible]

138

93

INDIAN POSTS AND TELEGRAPHS DEPARTMENT.

Class }
Priority }

Code

Recd. from

By

Registered in at (Date of Regd.)

Sent at

By

Of

Date

Time

Minute

Service Instructions

Recd. here at

TO

Office Stamp of W. DELHI

RAHMATULLAH DIED REACH GADIAN = ABDUNNANMAN

X YF BANGA 5 10 HADYATULLA SUPSADAL NEW DELHI =

At the end of the line, if the message is to be sent by post, the words "BY POST" must be written.

OUR HEROES

Alas! Our heroes they are now dying, alas some are already dead!
Oh! How shall we remember them, with some tears and with guilt
Or with tearful eyes but with a warmth borne of their deeds, indeed
When they were amongst us, bringing us the meaning of our life!

Without them we were nothing, will we become as if nothing again!
Not if we let them gladly, dwell in our hearts and our souls for ever
By keeping their precious memory fresh as the sea-breezes blowing
Over the sweltering inland shore, lest life become scotched forever!

Who are we and where we are journeying to, only they could tell us!
Without this knowledge imparted to us, how lost we would have been
Borne on the wings of time like so much flotsam and jetsam, dumped
Like so much of humanity, who did not have heroes and wanted none!

Will we want to cherish our heroes, their values to guide us through!
The maelstrom that is life, where many a soul is floundering unaided!
All things pass, we are mere mortals, but our heroes will live forever
And their memory shall not fade nor their deeds or my love for them!

Nasir Bangvi
1st FEB 2002

Note: On reading the autobiographical notes penned by my Dear Grandfather, Maulvi Rehmat Ullah Baghanwala of Banga, on 7/07/1938 in the Urdu-Script; which I found rather difficult to read due to my lamentable short-comings in the Urdu Language. For this I am truly sorry!

"LOVE FOR ALL, HATRED FOR NONE"

Allah's Gift to Muhammad (SAW),
The Prophet Supreme,
was Islam!*

This

He

*Shared so generously with all the humanity, like bread and water
Among friends of old, so that hunger and thirst not one beseech
Till all were sated. Some sedated saw not Satan, the Interloper!*

Ahmad of Qadian (ASW),
The Promised Messiah,*

*Who came to raise alarm and to banish slumber forever!
And "Love for all and hatred for none" was decreed
As the True Islam. The original gift from Muhammad (SAW) to linger
Till the end of time, reborn as Ahmadiyyat- True Islam indeed!*

**AND CAN ALSO BE SIMPLY
PUT AS:**

"BE KIND TO THE PERSON NEXT TO YOU"

Which is a

VARIATION OF THE ORIGINAL

"GALIAN SUN KAY DUA DO!"

(The Promised Messiah)

(Pbuh)

TADHKIRAH

I dreamt that I was awake, while I was awake I dreamt,
And thought I saw, thought not seeing what I thought.

How our thoughts colour, yet what our eyes can not see,
I felt with some feelings, which was there for me to feel.

There was beauty there, where true beauty aspires to be,
Here there was pain, where pain was never meant to be.

Where egos didst grow, where humility learned to weep,
Where ambition conquers, there humanity tries not to see.

We are the merest dust, where mirages cease to be,
When we live in our dreams, where reality wishes to be.

Where monuments stood proud, now sandstorms grieve,
Where mortality perished, there eternity is now peace.

How I feel the pain! The Divinely Chosen One * feels!
And Allah's blessings! When in supplications I kneel!

NASIR BANGVI

24/04/2005

*On reading the 'Tadhkirah', in English, containing
The prophesies of *The Promised Messiah (pbuh)
Which moved me to an extraordinary degree.
So that my mind seemed to take off on a strange voyage,
Which is difficult to describe. The above came to me
And perhaps it is the nearest description.*

O' BAGHANWALAY!

*O' my beloved Baghanwalay salaam and salaams!
You shone like Messiah's morning star, a true sign
Embossed on your brow and kalima in your heart
And your every thought and every action not far,
For in the true Islam you saw Messiah's true ensign.*

*O' my beloved Baghanwalay salaam and salaams!
Each leaf witnessed, each tree spoke of Allah's way,
Messiah's supplications and by the command divine,
The fruit in your 'bagh' *1 blushed to Messiah's design,
People were confounded how bounties came your way.
O' my beloved Baghanwalay *2 salaam and salaams!*

NASIR BANGVI

17/03/2005

*1 BAGH (URDU) translates to a fruit orchard.

*2 "BAGHANWALAY" (what The Promised Messiah (^{pbuh})
had called my Dadajan i.e. owner of a fruit orchard.

Please note that the mango ripening takes on reddish colour
from top downwards and which resembles colour of a blushing cheek.

REFLECTIONS

The tears of joy and the tears of grief,
They are our only deaf and dumb friends.
As tears always tend to be!

They yearn for freedom and escape maybe,
Soon to die upon the dampish cheeks.
As this is their life's brief!

What I know of tears but they know not me,
With help from my visage they do speak.
What I feel and yet not speak!

These denizens of joy and grief are asleep,
Yet keep a vigil over our life so sweet.
As you and I cannot keep!

These globules cannot enhance or dampen
The heat of joy or the burn of grief.
As methinks tears shouldn't be!

The tears shed in innocence or in fear,
See face of a cherub or scourge complete.
As only a trick or treat maybe!

And yet tears stand between man and beast,
They lend our aspect an aura divine.
As God wills and so shall be!

Nasir Bangvi

8/08/2004

*On hearing the sound of sobbing on phone (a dear grieving friend)

IN MEMORIAM

IN MEMORIAM

No.	First Name	Middle Name	Last Name	Relationship
1	ABDUL		HAFIZ	MAMOJAN 1
2	ABDUL		MAJID	MAMOJAN 2
3	ABDUL	SALAM	AKHTAR	MAMOJAN 3
4	AHMED	ALBERT	DELANNOY	BROTHER-IN-LAW
5	ATA	ULLAH	BANGVI	CHACHAJI 1
6	ATTA		MUHAMMAD	COUSIN
7	BASHARAT	AHMED	LUDHIANAVI	MAMOJAN 4
8	FEHMIDA	MUSHTAQ AHMAD	CHUNGVI MRS.	PHUPHEEJAN 3
9	FAIZ	MOHAMMAD	BABU	KHALOOJAN
10	FAIZ	ALAM	CHUNGVI	PHUPHAJANI
11	FAZAL	BIBI ISMAIL	BANGVI MRS.	AUNTY
12	HADAYIT	ULLAH	BANGVI	ABBAJAN
13	HAFIZA	FAIZ ALAM	CHUNGVI MRS.	PHUPHEEJAN 1
14	HALIMA	BEGUM	MAJEED MRS.	MAMIJI
15	HASHMAT	BIBI	BABU MRS.	KHALAJAN
16	HUKUM	DAD	CHUNGVI	PHUPHAJAN 2
17	JANAT	BIBI	LUDHIANAVI MRS.	NANIJAN
18	KULSOOM	APPA	KHALID MRS.	COUSIN
19	MAULVI	REHMATULLAH	BAGHANWALA	DADAJAN
20	MUHAMMAD	ISMAIL	BANGVI	BHAJAN
21	MUSHTAQ	AHMAD	CHUNGVI	PHUPHAJAN 3
22	RASHIDA	HUKUM DAD	CHUNGVI MRS.	PHUPHEEJAN 2
23	REHMAT	ULLAH	LUDHIANAVI	NANAJAN
24	SAEEDA		BEGUM	MOTHER-IN-LAW
25	SAKINA	ABDUL KARIM	SHARMA MRS.	PHUPHUJI
26	SHAIKH	ABDUL(Mohaqq)	QADER	FATHER-IN-LAW
27	SHAMEEM	AKHTAR	HANIF MRS.	SISTER 2
28	SUGHRA	BEGUM H.	BANGVI MRS.	AMIJAN
29	TAHIRA	BEGUM	RAMZAN MRS.	COUSIN
30	ZAEVIRAN	BIBI	BAGHANWALA MRS.	DADIJAN

"They were such stuff as dreams are made on..."

from The Tempest by William Shakespeare

IN MEMORIAM

No.	D.O.B	D.O.D	Qita	Plot	Grave	Location
1	00.00.1900	00.00.1900				AZIZABAD KARACHI
2	00.00.1900	00.00.1900				LAHORE
3	00.00.1900	00.00.1900				BAGH AHMAD KARACHI
4	09.07.1945	28.02.1996	G	2	21	BROOKWOOD, ENGLAND
5	00.00.1900	05.12.1994	22	20	4	BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
6	00.00.1900	00.00.1900				RABWAH
7	01.02.1935	01.02.1935	G	6	6	BROOKWOOD, ENGLAND
8	00.00.1926	20.08.1997	52	12	6	BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
9	00.00.1900	00.00.1900				KOT RAH DA KISHAN PAKISTAN
10	00.00.1912	11.12.1980	14	21	4	BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
11	00.00.1893	31.03.1987	17			BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
12	18.12.1917	02.08.1991	17	43	3	BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
13	00.00.1900	00.10.2001	29			BAHESHTI MAQBARA RABWAH
14	00.00.1900	11.05.2005				BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
15	00.00.1917	18.01.1973	9	2	8	LAHORE
16	00.00.1912	26.11.2000				BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
17	00.00.1892	09.04.1965	11	24	6	RABWAH
18	00.00.1900	00.00.2000				BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
19	00.00.1861	05.12.1941	8	11	2	NOT KNOWN AT PRESENT
20	00.00.1917	00.00.1953				BAHESHTI MUQBARA QADIAN
21	00.00.1921	28.11.1993	4	15	0	SARGODHA, PAKISTAN
22	00.00.1922	07.10.1992				BAGH AHMAD KARACHI
23	00.00.1900	00.00.1900				RABWAH
24	00.00.1921	04.05.1980	4	8	6	LAHORE
25	05.06.1924	14.11.2004	4			BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
26	00.00.1918	05.11.1995	23	16	3	BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
27	14.08.1944	20.11.1994	G	3	21	BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
28	05.12.1920	24.07.1994	17	44	5	BROOKWOOD, ENGLAND
29	00.00.1900	21.11.2001				BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH
30	00.00.1890	15.11.1960	7	7	3	NOT KNOWN AT PRESENT
						BAHESHTI MUQBARA RABWAH

"They were such stuff as dreams are made on..."

from The Tempest by William Shakespeare

EPILOGUE

This project has been for me, truly, a voyage of self-discovery, involving powerful emotions coupled with experiences of the spiritual kind. These emotions were awakened, when I was studying various documents, recalling long lost memories of another age and another time, as seen through my beloved Dadajan's eyes.

The spiritual experience, which gripped me, was through trying to somehow grasp the blessed hand of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH) that seemed to stretch out towards the very depth of my troubled soul: my soul has been enormously uplifted as a result.

As I had been living from an impressionable phase of my life amongst the English families, therefore I was subjected to a very close encounter with the English culture and environment. All this happened at a time when there were hardly any immigrants. This has had both a beneficial and an adverse effect on me. The adverse effect was to result in a crisis of identity. Now in my twilight years I am most fortunate in recognizing that, somehow I had two separate and compartmentalized identities. One identity, I can now pinpoint, as that of an eleven year old boy who came to England: the other very much of an adult who lived and breathed England.

The resulting conflict caused much turmoil and unfortunately there was no one for me to confide in. However, it was my dearest Dadajan, who came to my rescue and salvation in a most unusual way. It happened one day that I spent in the Rabwah Library, leafing through my Dadajan's biographical notes filed in the archives. This document and later my deep study of it, was to lead me to not only to reconcile but also enabled the convergence of the two parallel sides of me: that part of my life prior to coming to England into my life after England.

Thereby my identity crisis was resolved and I became the real me. All this undoubtedly was due to my Dadajan and my Abbajan's supplications said on my behalf.

The Blessed Promised Messiah and Imam Mahdi (PBUH) was divinely appointed to bring enlightenment and succor to this very troubled and dangerous world: a more divided and fractious world is for me hard to imagine.

A world, which had awaited with bated breath, the advent of The Promised Saviour, as had been prophesied, so that he could deliver it from ignorance, fear and the divisive forces of darkness. Every corner of the world had become steeped in spiritual ignominy and gentle souls cried out for salvation and unity by The Promised Messiah, The Mahdi (PBUH).

Even the Muslims, who had been given divine guidance through the Holy Prophet Muhammad, (SAW) and divine knowledge through the Holy Quran, had steadily found themselves lost in the wilderness and stranded in a spiritual morass of their own design.

The true Islam had become submerged under so many misconceptions, that only divine intervention could restore the pristine image of Islam as founded by The Holy Prophet of Islam (SAW). Allah The Most Compassionate and Ever Merciful decided to answer the supplications of humanity and intervened.

This intervention came, when Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad of Qadian, was divinely appointed, to be The Promised Messiah and Mahdi (PBUH), who would undertake this most difficult of tasks.

When The Promised Messiah's (PBUH) rallying call came, the gentle and blessed souls answered without any hesitation, and began to gather under the banner of AHMADIYYAT, the True Islam. Among this throng of blessed souls was my dearest Dadajan. Alhamdulillah!

These Companions and Devotees of The Promised Messiah (PBUH) were ordinary folks; who through the divine blessings conferred on them, became extra-ordinary, not only in the spiritual field but also in the temporal. Their characters were transformed, so that total obedience to The Will of Allah, The Almighty, sacrifice for the sake of Allah, steadfastness in the face of adversity, forbearance, patience, compassion, generosity and love for all Allah's creation became second nature to them.

They became the Champions of The Promised Messiah (PBUH) and therefore of True Islam. Their everyday life and actions came to be noticed by all. Their very 'modus vivendi', marked them from all others and spoke volumes about the truth of Ahmadiyyat. People's curiosity became aroused and the process of Tabligh (preaching) would have commenced even before a word had been uttered. I have personally witnessed this form of tabligh activity.

I have seen even the opponents of Ahmadiyyat seeking an Ahmadi to come and intervene in their disputes and settle them fairly and impartially. The reason, why the Ahmadis were sought for this difficult and delicate task was due solely to an Ahmadi's sincerity and integrity of character. My own dear father was such an Ahmadi and his father before him. Alhamdulillah!

My dear Dadajan was by nature a pious man but in his heart dwelt very many questions, which were crying out for answers. His prayers were answered when he found his Beloved Messiah (PBUH). His qualms and dilemmas regarding certain matters dear to him were

dispelled as soon as he found his Saviour. The Promised Messiah's (PBUH) teachings were like a balm to his troubled spirit. At last he found that peace which is accorded to Allah's chosen ones. He was from among the chosen ones through the love and blessings of The Promised Messiah (PBUH).

When reams and reams of precious documents were made available to me to help me in my research, I was delighted to find among these papers, a quantity of my dear Dadajan's letters addressed to my father. From a study of these letters I came to judge the man for what he was.

The written word is often like a mirror that reflects a man's true character and sometimes even the soul. What I found in these letters has had the most profound effect on me, so much so, that at times my vision became blurred through a surfeit of moisture that found its way in to my eyes. My Dadajan's intensity of love for The Promised Messiah (PBUH) and his family was in evidence wherever I happened to look. His piety and integrity touched me deeply.

In every letter I also noticed that Dadajan would advise his son, my father, to pray regularly, to pay his Chanda promptly, to carefully study the books of The Promised Messiah (PBUH) to attend Jamaat's meetings, to show obedience to his Superiors, to keep in touch with the Khulafa, to strive for Jamaat's discipline, to help the poor, to help the weak, to help the forsaken, to pray for his own father in this world and for the hereafter to come.

My Dadajan moulded my father's character by his own example from an early age. And how my father lovingly and assiduously followed the advice given to him is confirmed by the untold blessings

that Allah showered upon him throughout his life. Alhamdulillah! A lesson for us all!

Towards the latter part of my Dadajan's life, he was beset by health problems, a natural part of the process of life and the living cycle. Although I am in no way medically qualified to make any diagnosis, I feel that having studied some of the symptoms from his papers, I can venture a guess or two about his latter day ailments. He seems to have had an enlarged Prostate Gland and perhaps also Diabetes. There were other problems but I am not able to make any diagnostic guess.

The great quantity of Dadajan's correspondence suggests that he was a most prolific writer of letters. He would write official letters in his capacity of a Municipal Committee Chairman but was equally busy in writing to Hazoor, The Khulafa, Qadian, Ahmadi friends, Government of British India, Non-Ahmadis and Non-Muslims. He wrote letters of recommendations, on behalf of the people of Banga and as well as all types of other letters imaginable.

On my probing my uncle Inayitullah, I learnt that my Dadajan was tall, fairish and had a robust body typical of the Aryan people. In his old age he took up the Hukkah (Indian Hubble Bubble pipe used to smoke tobacco). Perhaps to ease the discomfort caused by the old age health problems...

He was totally against all types of corporal punishment. He was always kind and considerate. He was especially mindful of his daughters and showed them a great deal of affection and this extended to all womenfolk. He inculcated a sense of responsibility and correct code of behaviour in his family. In his public life he showed compassion and was a "Good Samaritan".

A truly balanced approach to life also became my own father's way. And it is the way recommended by Islam. He was above all else 'an Ahmadi Hero', as are all true followers of The Promised Messiah and Imam Mahdi ^(PBUH). Alhamdulillah!

I end my effort with a request to all Readers of this, my attempt to honour the memory of my Dadajan, by praying for him and all Dadajan's progeny, that may the Creator of the Heavens and The Earth, The Lord of The Day of Judgment, The most Beneficent, The Most Merciful Allah, grant them all grace and favour here and in the hereafter.

It is my prayer and hope that, the young readers may find many things, I have related here, of some interest, prove useful and perhaps also found to be inspirational. We, who live in this fast paced world of ours, have little time left to us, after the day's travail is done, to think of others or even to show kindness to others less fortunate than us. Please stop and find time to think, to help and to pray.

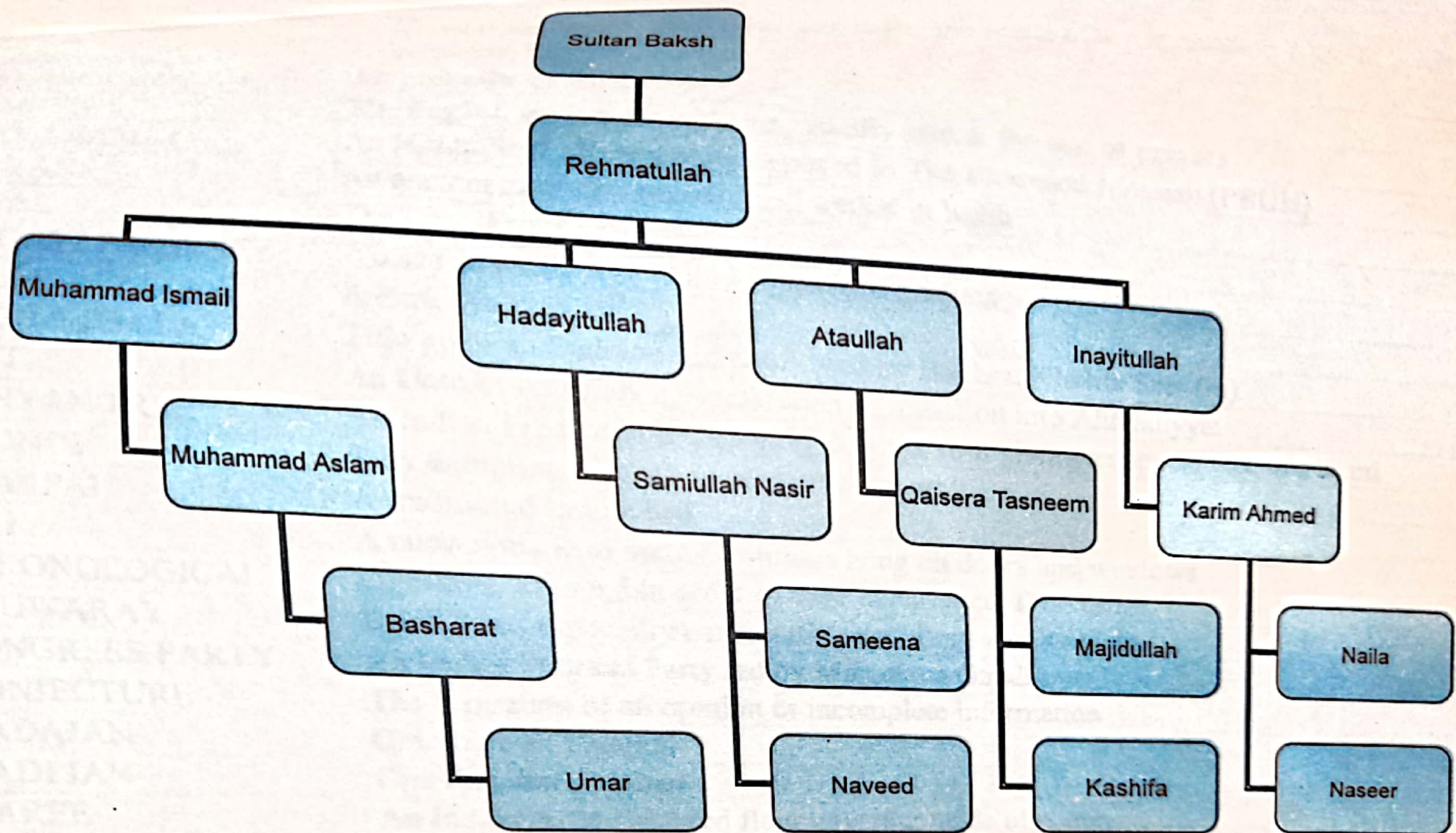
May Allah Bless you and inspire you to become a better person. May you value and love Ahmadiyyat. May you always be a most loyal and obedient member of the Ahmadiyya Community. Ameen! May Allah safeguard Hadhrat Khalifatul Masih V ^(ABA) and grant him success upon success. May Allah grant him longevity with good health. Ameen. Summa Ameen!

Finally, please do not think, that I have been trying to glorify my ancestors: to honour them yes, but not to glorify them. All glory belongs to Allah Tallah! My intention has been to illustrate the importance of Ahmadiyyat, The True Islam, in my ancestors' lives. I have tried to show, what role Ahmadiyyat has played in my ancestors' life and how the blessings of Ahmadiyyat came their way. Ahmadiyyat

is such a treasure that, it must be safeguarded and cherished by us all. We are more fortunate than those, who had to offer the ultimate sacrifice: their lives et al... Do not take Ahmadiyyat for granted but guard it well always! Remember our behaviour is the best medium for Tabligh and not even a word is required: so even, the most inarticulate amongst us, can at least manage to adopt this easy way to spread the word of The Promised Messiah ^(PBUH). Inshallah!

Good Luck!

May Allah be with you always. Inshallah!
Ameen!



**BANGVI CLAN TREE
TRUNCATED**

WORD OR PHRASE	MEANING
ABA	May Allah strengthen your hand- used after the name of the incumbent Khalifa Sahib
AFFIRMATIVE	A response, Yes, OK, Alright
ALHAMDULILAH	All praise be to Allah!
AMEEN	The English equivalent is Amen, usually said at the end of prayers
ARYA SAMAJ	An Hindu Sect . Vehemently opposed to The Promised Messiah (PBUH)
ARYANS	An ancient race who invaded and settled in India
AWAL	The First, From Arabic
AUGUST PRESENCE	To see someone as an highly esteemed personage
BAGH	A Park, An Orchard
BAGHANWALA	Title given to Dadajan and confirmed by Hadhrat Khalifa Sani (ra).
BAIT	An Oath of Allegiance, Declaration of Initiation into Ahmadiyyat
BANYAN TREE	An Indian Fig tree, branches hang down & root giving an appearance of a beard
BOONDI	Tiny dumplings dipped in yoghurt or sugar
CHARPAI	A traditional Indian bed
CHIK	A curtain made of bamboo slithers hung on doors and windows
CHRONOLOGICAL	Of events arranged in order of their occurrence, Date order
CHUWARAY	Dried dates especially eaten during weddings and Ramadan
CONGRESS PARTY	An Indian Political Party led by Mahatama Gandhi
CONJECTURE	The formation of an opinion or incomplete information
DADAJAN	Grandfather- Paternal
DADI JAN	Grandmother-Paternal
DAREE	An Indian multi-coloured floor covering made of cotton
DAROOD SHARIF	Special Blessings said for The Holy Prophet (saws)
DAR-UL-AMAN	House of Peace- Literal meaning, or a sanctuary
DESI SHAKER	Un-Bleached and unrefined Indian Sugar

GLOSSARY

WORD OR PHRASE	MEANING
DIRECTIVE	A general instruction or order from one in authority,
DOABA	Two waters- Literal meaning. Hence Land between two rivers
DUA ISTAKHARA	Special prayer said in seeking guidance and grace of Allah.
DUM	Special prayer said over someone affected by frightful scare or evil eye
DURBAR	Usually the court of an Indian Ruler, Governor, Viceroy of India
eh salat-tu-wasalaam	May Peace and Blessings of Allah Be Upon Him- for The Holy Prophet
GENEAOLOGIST	One who studies and investigates the lines of descent or family tree
GULLEY	A narrow passageway, An alleyway, an Indian word becoming an English word
HADITH SHARIF	Traditions of The Holy Prophet of Islam(SAWS)
HAKEEM	Physician, One using traditional Indian/Greek methods of healing
HAKIM	Or Hakeem, An Indian Herbalist cum Ancient Greek School of medicine practitioner
HAQ MEHR	A fixed agreed sum payable to the wife on marriage, Dowry, Dower
HADHRAT	Courtesy title implying reverence, A respectful way of addressing....
HADHRAT MASIHE MA	Arabic-The Promised Messiah(PBUH)
HENNA	A herb applied to hair, also palms of hands, soles of feet etc.
HOLY QURAN	The Holy Scripture of Islam, revealed to The Holy Prophet(saws)
IMAM	Leader, one who leads a Muslim prayer service, Namaz
inna lillahe wa inna ilehe ra	To Allah we belong and to him we shall return
INHERENT	Existing in something as a permanent or characteristic attribute
INSHALLAH	If Allah Wills, Pleases
JAMMU	Area part of the State of Kashmir now in Indian side
JAMUN TREE	A large tree that bears a mauve colour berry fruit, eaten in summer
JEHAD	Or Jihad, Any effort or struggle in the cause of Allah
JOHLI	A sort of receptacle made by holding the Kurta front to carry things
JUNCTURE	A critical point of time

GLOSSARY

WORD OR PHRASE	MEANING
KHALIFA	A Successor, also a courtesy title, sometimes used as a name
KHALIFA V	The Fifth Successor of The Promised Messiah (PBUH)
KHALFA AWAL	The First Successor of The Promised Messiah (PBUH)
KHALIFA IV	The Fourth Successor of The Promised Messiah (PBUH)
KHALIFA III	The Third Successor of The Promised Messiah (PBUH)
KHALIFA SANI	The Second Successor of The Promised Messiah (PBUH)
KHAWAJA	Master, courtesy title
KHILAFATE SANIA	The time of The Third Khalifa Sahib
KURTA	A shirt common to India and Pakistan
LAHORI JAMAAT	A break- away minority who disputed Khilafat-e- Ahmadiyya
LASSI	An Indian Summer drink made from yoghurt
LINEAGE	Ancestry or descent
MADERSSA	A Muslim religious school,
MAHARAJAH	A Ruling Hindu Chief, also a title of honour
MARE	A female horse
MASHALLAH	By the Grace of Allah, The Almighty
MASJID	A Mosque, A Muslim place of worship
MATRIMONIAL NOTICE	A marriage notice to announce someone willing and searching for partner
MENTOR	A teacher, A master
MINARA-TUL-MASIH	The Tower of The Promised Messiah(PBUH) in Qadian
MIRZA	Courtesy title of a Mughal, a family name, a name
MISSIVES	Letters especially long and serious ones
MUSLIM LEAGUE	A political party founded by Muslim Indians later headed by M.A.Jinnah
NAMAZ	Or Salat, Muslim prayers
NANAJAN	Grandfather- Maternal

GLOSSARY

WORD OR PHRASE	MEANING
NANI JAN	Grandmother-Maternal or Granny
NAZIRANA	Homage, Acknowledgement of superiority or respect
NIKAH	A muslim marriage contract
PBUH	May Allah's Peace Be Upon Him, used after the name of The Promised Messiah
PEEPUL TREE	Bo tree, common to India and Pakistan
PHUTAINN	A variant of the melon but not sweet tasting, also a term used sarcastically
PROGENY	One's children, offsprings, sons and daughters
PUNJAB	The Land of Five waters (Rivers), A province
RA	Arabic- reserved for closest associates of a Prophet. - <i>May Allah be pleased with ...</i>
RAJPOOT	or Rajput, An Hindu soldier cast, Hindu warrior caste, some converted to Islam
REH	Arabic appended to the names of past Khulafa and means- <i>May Allah have mercy on him</i>
RUPEE	Currency of India, Pakistan, Sri Lanka, Nepal etc.
SABIZIFAROSH	An Indian Greengrocer
SADKA	A special donation given to obtain Allah, The Almighty's grace & favour
SAHIB	Master, equivalent of esquire
SAHIBZADA	Son of the master, courtesy title of a descendent of The Promised Messiah (PBUH)
sallallaho alehe wa sullum	May Peace and Blessings of Allah Be on Him
SANI	The Second, From Arabic
SAWS	Peace and Blessings of Allah be Upon Him
SHEIKH	Or Shaikh, Spiritual perceptor, also a courtesy title
SUBHANALLAH	Allah is Most Pure
SUFFIANA DISPOSTION	Having temperaments of a Sufi, ascetic, or mystic
TEHSILDAR	Or Tahsildar, An Executive head of a sub-district
THE EVIL EYE	A malevolent look, wishing evil to others, a magic spell
THE IMAM MAHDI	The Latter Day Reformer expected by all Muslims

GLOSSARY

WORD OR PHRASE	MEANING
to gain an audience with....	To be in the presence of The Promised Messiah(PBUH)
TONGA	A light horse-drawn two-wheeled carriage
TRESPASS	To make an unlawful intrusion,to breach a rule or privilege
TUSHAK	A sort of quilt or duvet, called also a "Razai"
ULEMA	A Learned Muslim recognized as an authority in Islamic teachings
UMBAGE	Offence, injury
UMMUL-MOMINEEN	Mother of the Faithful, title of the wife of a Prophet
VALI	Person appointed to legally represent another e.g.Father
VICTUALS	A meal, prepared food, dinner
YAKKA	A sturdy horse-drawn two-wheeled carriage in rural areas

GLOSSARY

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